

# MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1888.

## International Girlishness.

ON reading Mr. Roosevelt's article in this Magazine last month, his interesting article on "Recent Criticism of America," the mind of the sage is once more saddened by the thought of our International Girlishness. It is the old story of Fanny Squeers and her friend 'Tilda, over again; the old story of small spites and sneers, "bobs and pinches," as Ascham says, not between two underbred young women, but between two nations, of the same speech, or pretty nearly the same speech. Let me at once say that I am not venturing to find any fault with Mr. Roosevelt's essay or his facts, nor with anybody's facts or essay in particular. It is only the *general* peevish spirit of snappishness, defence and defiance, that seems so deplorable. Other nations can criticise each other with dignity, to mutual profit, without loss of temper. Every patriotic Englishmen agrees (*I* do, any way) with what the Press of Europe kindly and firmly tells us about our army, our navy, our "policy." These are serious matters, and the criticism is trenchant, but we are not angry. Nor are we greatly moved when the ingenious Frenchman designs in *Charivari* our best line of coast defence, a legion of large-booted and long-toothed English ladies drawn up on our shores. Yes, we say, that *is* one type of the British fair, though we have others, and though we do not quite see how to improve these. In little matters and great we can bear foreign comment without being unduly moved; sometimes we even laugh at the joke which is against ourselves. But this happy and reasonable attitude is altered, when America

is the critic or the subject of criticism. Then both sides get shrill, and angry, and underbred, both profess to be extremely diverted, to be sure, when really they are quivering to their acute and eager finger-nails.

Perhaps it is our fault chiefly. We are "the elder and ought to know better," as they say in the nursery. Also we keep our tempers better, and that is insufferably provoking: indeed it is *wrong*. I think only one kind of Englishman minds American criticism very much, and that is the literary Englishman. A number of distinguished American critics, ably led by Mr. Howells and Mr. Edgar Fawcett, are always having shots at our poor English literature, our poets and novelists. They mean to teach us our proper place. The British public does not read their criticism very much, and does not care; but we literary persons read it, and make disagreeable replies. No doubt I am prejudiced, but I think, in the contest of these amenities, our side scores rather the more freely. We are as 'Tilda was unto Fanny, in the strife already alluded to, or so it seems to me. We keep our little tempers better. In a cutting from a Chicago journal, for example, I read, with pain, that *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1845, called Mr. Lowell "a presumptuous youngling," that the *Times* once said something unkind of Mr. Hawthorne, and some one infers that, if ever there is war between England and the States, British Reviewers will be greatly guilty thereof. Good Heavens! is it a *casus belli*, that, forty-three years ago, *Blackwood's* called Mr. Lowell young and presumptuous? Mr. Lowell *was* young then, he is always young in the best sense,—and in a critical squabble about Pope he may even have been presumptuous. If he was, I admit that I am quite on his side, as far as Pope goes. Pope was no poet, and I hope Mr. Lowell said so. But conceive a journalist in *this* country taking the trouble to hunt up what dead old American scribes may have said about Mr. Carlyle or Lord Tennyson!

Not long ago an American paper described an English literary divine who had just left Columbia's shore as "the Typical Cad." Well, without discussing the essential justice of this verdict, may it not be set off (as far as force of language goes) against "Presumptuous Youngling"? And what do all these things matter to sensible men, women, or children? Do not critics employ pretty severe terms about authors of their own nation? When Mr. Henry James wrote *Daisy Miller*, and for long afterwards, one used to see the most unkind things about him and



his tale in the American papers. This is a very good instance of what I mean, of our comparative freedom from temper, which puts us, I think, on the high level of John Brownlie's betrothed, rather than of the virginal Fanny Squeers, in the International School Girl competition. For, in the first place, Daisy Miller was a delightful maiden. Perhaps she is my "favourite character in fiction," I would fain be numbered among her knights, and wear her becoming colours. But the angry American critics chose to regard this bewitching sketch of an individual as if it were intended for an ugly caricature of all American maidenhood. Therefore they denounced her creator, the creator of Daisy P. Miller, as a bad American, and so forth. Now, has any English reviewer, out of the *Colney Hatch Monthly*, pitched into Miss Broughton for her Sara in *Belinda*, or for any of her young women? Has any one called Miss Broughton a bad patriot, that is, bent on decrying her lovely young sisters and lowering them in the eyes of surrounding nations? Of course, not; Sara is a type of a jolly young flirt, not burdened by good taste, of which, indeed, as M. Théophile Gautier says, we may easily have too much. Miss Daisy P. Miller was a far more sensitive and charming person than Sara, and yet to have depicted her is hailed by her inappreciative countrymen as a crime! Now, we are very guilty on this side of the water; but, just at this point of noisy sensitiveness about trifles, we may claim the advantage. We do not care half so much, and that is what makes us so provoking. We are provoking, I know; the inner monitor whispers that I have occasionally tried to be so, myself, perhaps unsuccessfully.

For my part, I could almost wish that we, in England, would give up making any comments on American literature, manners, or social habits. We can make none that will give pleasure, we can hardly speak without making what is recognized as a mistake. If we praise, we praise the wrong thing; if we blame, our blame is mere ignorant jealousy. This I know, for I have tried, in an ineffective but hearty manner, to praise Mark Twain, as one of the greatest of living geniuses (perhaps it is not saying much) who now use the English language. Yet this humble appreciation has not seemed to be welcome to all literary Americans. They are not as proud of Mark as one could wish. On the other hand, if I chance to describe the style of an esoteric American novelist as a queer medley of bad Ruskin and indifferent Bret Harte, I am once more looked down upon from the frozen heights

of literary disapprobation. The fact is that, over here, we do not know what is the correct thing, either in current American literature or society. We admire American authors whom American critics despise; we have never heard of authors whom the more serious American reviews, which ought to know, distinguish by their applause. It is the same thing, of course, in America. There they appreciate English writers who are not or have not yet become prophets in our own country, and they disregard some very considerable (minor) prophets of our own altogether. We do not mind this much; in our fine native bumpiousness, we fancy we know best. But one can easily imagine that, to an American man of letters, English praise of a countryman of his whom he does not admire seems another proof of our insularity.

I was never more struck by our general ignorance of America (an ignorance very naturally felt to be offensive) than when I read a recently published book of "Representative Poems" by English and American minstrels yet in the flesh. There were sixty Americans to eighteen English. Of several of these sixty I nursed a guilty, though, I hope, not an invincible ignorance. The poet to whom most space was assigned was, I think, Mr. Boker. He occupied more pages than Mr. Lowell, Mr. Whittier, my Lord Tennyson, or even my Lord Lytton. As a person whose business is with letters, my conscience has never recovered the shock which my ignorance of Mr. Boker (if it *was* Boker) caused her. Every morning she quotes the *Imitation* (I know an American critic says that is the wrong way to speak of the book) every morning, she cries, "*Nunc hodie perfecte incipiamus*—let us make a new departure (modern style)—let us read Mr. Boker to-day." But conscience is yet unsatisfied. How can a Briton presume to speak of American literature when he is in this condition—when he has neglected Boker? Consequently he had better not speak of it critically at all. Yet one *will* be speaking! Mr. Matthew Arnold caused some mirth, I fear, in the States when he said that they made too much of their literature. Some one, not having the fear of Mr. Arnold before his eyes, had published a primer of American literature. Mr. Arnold said that Scotch literature was far more copious and valuable than that of America, yet nobody published a primer of that. It is not for me to disclaim a tribute to my country, but if we take Scotch literature from the time when American literature begins—let us say, for argument's sake, from

the time of Washington Irving—even a Scot can hardly think that Mr. Arnold was right: for, if we begin (for this purpose) at that late date, we leave out Burns, and most of Scott, Hogg, Leyden, and others. We keep Aytoun, and Wilson, and Lockhart, and Carlyle (if he is to count) and Alexander Smith, and whom else have we on our side? Not much to set against Hawthorne, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Prescott, Emerson, Motley, Whipple, Lanier, Stoddart, Stedman, Cranch, to mention but a few of the poetical and critical names that crowd on the memory, and to leave out contemporary novelists and humorists. The truth is, that English critics hardly know enough of Scotch literature before Burns to criticise it, and I have even met persons of education who never heard of the Ettrick Shepherd. In Mr. Humphry Ward's useful "Collection of English Poets" there is, I think, just one most unimportant extract from that copious and vigorous author. When we have Home Rule in Scotland, then you shall see us with our primer of our national Scotch masterpieces; and, as for English, we shall not, like Leyden "spoil our Scotch by trying to learn that language,"—which, indeed, the great linguist never mastered.

To return to our chief theme, the less we criticise America the better. Who can avoid blunders in such a matter? Who ever wrote a biography without the friends of the subject, "the brithers o' the corp," proclaiming that it was all wrong? Who ever described a locality, without provoking a storm of reproach from the dwellers therein? Nobody can be quite accurate. In a recent American guide-book to London, or something of that kind, I hear that our upper classes emblazon their names on brass door-plates in town. This astonished me, and I felt that, if an Englishman had made the same kind of blunder about New York, it would not have passed quite unnoticed. It might perhaps have given offence; and, though it must needs be that offences come, it is well to avoid going in search of occasions for them. Mr. Roosevelt, in his recent article, chiefly found fault with Lord Wolseley, Sir Lepel Griffin, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. The two former offenders indeed he preferred to treat somewhat cavalierly, and very likely he knows more of war than Lord Wolseley, and of American administration than the other author. I could wish that both had let matters American alone, that Lord Wolseley had discussed, say, the character of Brasidas, and that Sir Lepel Griffin had been content to investigate the customs of the Hittites. In that case nobody's feelings out of Oxford or

Bonn would have been hurt, even if Lord Wolseley had made Brasidas take part in the siege of Syracuse, and if Sir Lepel Griffin had not liked the boots worn by the lamented inhabitants of Asia Minor. Moreover, my opinion as to the accuracy of Lord Wolseley's remarks on war or of Sir Lepel Griffin's on things in general is of no more value than perhaps Mr. Roosevelt's is on the preparation of a wicket. But Mr. Arnold wrote about literature and social life in America, would that he had used that exquisite art of his on other or less ungrateful material. For, take it as you will, we do not behave wisely when we stay in a house and criticise our host. The American people is of a hospitality and kindness which no one knows better than Englishmen of letters. To the humblest of us, Americans are constantly displaying an appreciation, an interest, a good-will, which is the more touching because we do not all get very much of this kind of regard at home. Probably most Englishmen who write hear now and then, from the other side of the Atlantic, that they have made friends there, friends whom perhaps they may never see, but who give them, none the less, inestimable gifts of sympathy and encouragement ; also, now and then, of prehistoric Aztec pottery. Even stay-at-homes know this kindness and goodness of heart ; much more they who *trans mare currunt*. Would that these literary guests, like Mr. Arnold of America, would publish nothing at all about the people ! Mr. Thackeray was more happily inspired : could he not have "made his fortune," as Mr. Weller, Senior, advised Mr. Pickwick to do, by "publishing a book and abusing the Amerrikins," when he came home ? Mr. Thackeray did not choose this graceful mode of enriching himself. In whatever he wrote about America, in his published letters and in *Round About Papers*, he spoke as a gentleman should speak of people who showed him a kind hospitality. If Mr. Dickens had never printed *American Notes*, or the bits of attempts at serious reflections in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the world would have been no loser. As for Chollop, and Pogram, and Jefferson Brick, surely a nation gifted with a sense of humour could not quarrel much with these caricatures any more than we quarrel with Mr. Samuel Slumkey and the Hon. Horatio Fizkin.

But people may say, an English traveller of note in America is continually being asked for a frank opinion. Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion may have been particularly valued, because he was wont to express it so extremely frankly about England, about ourselves. Certainly the opinion was wanted ; certainly

the opinion had much value as that of an acute observer with his own way of seeing the world ; and yet, and yet, one wishes that such literature had not occupied the last working hours of a noble poet. Suppose it be true that a lack of beauty and distinction mark American life ? What then ? What would English or Italian life be without a past which bequeathed all the art worth mentioning, most of the literature, all the opportunities of dignified leisure ? Why, England would have no beauty of art, only railway stations, churches which would not be even sham Gothic, houses which would not be even sham "Queen Anne." As to Italy, she would show a wilderness of hotels and barracks. As there would be no "ancestral wealth," I cannot think where our beautiful "barbarians" would find a rest for the soles of their feet. In fact, you cannot, in a new industrial country, possess the ancient monuments, and the princely manners and abodes bequeathed by the piety, the art, the learning, the conquests of generations which were lucky enough to know not industrialism. Whether industrialism too, if Nature keeps it alive, will develop some new art, some noble and seemly way of life, no man can predict. Probably there will be an awkward break first, in historical strata—a glacial age, a world of ice, or a world of fire.

Any beauty and distinction which the new age has produced and not inherited must be, one thinks, popular and inconspicuous—a distinction of character, not of manners ; of ethics, not of art. If Mr. Roosevelt can find it in American architecture, he is more lucky than we are at home, with our new buildings at Oxford. But speaking of manners reminds me that, if one may judge by American fiction, even our barbarians do not possess the good manners which (on Darwinian principles) they should have inherited. Here I speak as a person without experience. "I am a stranger here, and I have no frog," says Mr. Mark Twain's hero. I am a stranger here, too, and I have no earl. But, if I may judge by a story in *Scribner's Magazine* named "First Harvests," the British earl abroad is a fearful animal. Lord Birmingham, in that narrative, is a "typical Cad," if the American patentee will permit me to use the phrase. He goes about in American society, drunken, abusive, cowardly, a liar and a libeller. Are they often like that ; and, if so, why are they not introduced to the native cowhide ? Why do the lovely daughters of the West endure their presence ? Why do they marry squires like that other awful example in Mr. Henry



James's agreeable story "A London Life," where, to be sure, this unpatriotic satirist weds his blackguard Englishman with an American lady who is not exactly a Una. Let us hope that those terrible English folk are only exceptions, not precisely types. Certainly, one does not remember in recent English fiction an American character to compare with them.

The whole subject of manners is much dealt with in these international affrays. We, for example, are taunted with our "English accent." No one blames a Frenchman for speaking French with a French accent, unless the Kabyles do so; and, unless an Englishman is talking American, I do not see why his accent should not be English. Of course, we cannot quite see that there is one English accent. There is a Scotch accent, an Irish accent, a Somerset accent, a cockney accent, a "Society" accent, very funny and elaborate. It may be replied that there is no American accent either, and perhaps there is not; and, if there were, why should not a person speak in it when he is speaking American? If he talks of "belonging with," "back of" (where we say "behind"), "all the time" (when we say "always"), and the like, it is his idioms that are American, and he may, perhaps, have American intonations. Or there may be no such thing, and the accent we call American may be Pennsylvanian, Bostonian, or what not. However, Englishmen will probably displease Americans least by never making any remark on the subject. Some of us think that Americans are pleased if we say we took them for English, or that they are displeased if we say we recognized them for Americans. By way of displaying good manners, it seems better never to hint at the topic at all. It is extremely personal, at the least; and so the lady should have remembered who told Mr. Roosevelt that his accent "reminded her of a banjo." Doubtless there are many Englishwomen with no more sense and breeding than this queer daughter of Albion. I wonder if she afterwards wrote a description of Mr. Roosevelt's appearance, manners, dress, and mode of life in an English newspaper? This accident has twice occurred to me when I have sat beside American ladies at dinner; once at the house of a friend, once under my own lowly roof. Both ladies were most intelligent, witty, lovely, accomplished, and young. No less can I say of them, because each was kind enough to publish, in American journals, minute and extremely, nay, bewilderingly flattering descriptions of myself, my classic features, my admired genius, my guests, and everything that was mine, except my



black cat, Frank, which somehow escaped their notice. Now, I am sure no Englishwoman would have been so good-natured as to print a line about me. I only mention these attentions of Columbia's pair of literary daughters as a set-off to Mr. Roosevelt's English lady of the banjo.

The truth is, that English are more like Americans, and Americans more like English, than any other two sets of human beings. It is much like the difference between Oxford and Cambridge men, or between Guards and Line. That is why such a watchful eye is kept on the differences, and why we squabble like—sisters-in-law. I am not speaking of international questions, where national interests are concerned. If we are to fight about them, which may God forbid! let us fight like brothers indeed, but also like gentlemen. Do not let us run about quarrelling as to whether the Americans talk through their noses, and whether we drop our aspirates; about whether American volunteers could whip the German army; about whether American literature is as good as Scotch; about whether American architecture is as bad as English; about the comparative demerits of a suddenly enriched Bonanza man, and a depraved English peer; about whether American ladies are prettier than their sisters of England; about all the rigmarole of anonymous people in the journals, and all the acerbities of critics ambitious of originality, and straining after a style.

"These d——d newspapers have done it all," said a Boer officer to a friend of mine, whom he happened to meet (with a few bullets in his person) near the summit of a mountain in South Africa. "These d——d critics, journalists, magazine people, novelists, and orators have done it," we may all say, when we look at the international amenities which remind me so much of the talk between Tilda Price and Fanny Squeers. International Girlishness is a deplorable spectacle. Did Fate really foresee, as Mr. Arnold writes, "what a baby Man would be?"

ANDREW LANG.



## The Reproach of Annesley.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

"Give me the man that is not passion's slave."

---

### CHAPTER V.

#### STORM.

FULL of these thoughts, Mrs. Annesley entered her house and went through her usual tranquil occupations, all of which, however homely in themselves, were characterized by a certain elegance peculiar to herself.

The maids trembled when summoned one by one to her presence to be called to account for the various doings and misdoings of the week, and were equally awed by reproof or commendation, though, being human, they preferred the latter. Certain dainty dustings of bric-a-brac by her own hands occurred on Saturdays, and the subsidiary dustings and cleanings of which they were the crown and summit, were truly awful in their immaculate perfection. She arranged fresh flowers, and terrible was the fate of that maid who brought an imperfectly-cleaned vase for their reception, or spilled the water required for them. These weekly duties were all completed, and Mrs. Annesley, arrayed in fresh laces, was sitting in the drawing-room with some elegant trifle representing needle-work in her hand, when the Rickmans' phaeton drove up to the door about one o'clock with Edward Annesley, whom she expected to lunch with her on his way from Arden.

Paul had returned from his country round, and was watching the arrival of the phaeton from the window of his consulting-room with an eager intensity strangely disproportioned to the

event. The grey mare trotted in her leisurely fashion up to the door, totally ignoring the unusual stimulus of the whip, which Sibyl applied with all her might, in the vain hope of infusing some dash into her paces. Mrs. Rickman occupied the front seat by her daughter's side, and was protesting against her cruelty; but the grey mare might have been a flying dragon, and these ladies harpies, for all Paul cared; his fiery glance was concentrated on the back seat, in which were Alice Lingard and his cousin. The latter was on the pavement before the vehicle had stopped. His farewells were soon said, and the phaeton drove off with the nearest approach to dash ever made by the grey mare, in response to an unusually sharp cut of Sibyl's whip. Edward stood on the pavement looking for some moments after the vanishing carriage, with an expression that was not lost upon Paul. Then he slowly turned, crossed the pavement, turning once more in the direction of the carriage, now lost to view, and finally went up the steps and rang the bell. Paul felt that he was still looking in the direction taken by the phaeton, though he could no longer see him.

He had seen what passed between Edward and Alice at parting, only the lifting of Alice's gaze to Edward's when he wished her good-bye, but with a look so luminous that it went like a stab to Paul's heart. These things so wrought upon him, that he seized a bust of Galen from a bracket by the wall and dashed it to pieces on the ground.

He had scarcely done this, when a patient was announced and consoled with him upon the accident. Paul smiled grimly in response, and proceeded to his business, a small, but delicate operation on the eye, which he effected with a steady and skilful hand. No one in Medington knew what a skilful surgeon he was; even his mother did not credit him with professional excellence.

They were already at table when he went in to luncheon; Edward, quite unconscious of the storm he had set raging in his cousin's breast, seemed unusually friendly and pleased to see him.

"I was afraid I might miss you, after all," he said, rising and grasping his hand in a grip so warm that he did not perceive the coldness with which it was received. "I know what a chance it is to catch you at luncheon, especially on a market-day."

"Not when I have guests," replied Paul, with an extra stateliness, which Edward would have been incapable of perceiving,

even if his mind had been less pre-occupied ; "only the most important cases keep me from home under such circumstances."

"He never suffers the professional man to obscure the gentleman," said Mrs. Annesley.

"He would not be your son if he did," Edward returned.

Mrs. Annesley was so light of heart in consequence of her morning exploit, that she chatted away most graciously and gaily, and set Edward on the congenial theme of his visit to Arden, and the virtues of the Rickman family. Paul observed with ever-deepening gloom that he did not mention Alice, he only named Sibyl when speaking of the ladies.

His mother attributed Paul's unusual silence to his anxieties ; his unobservant cousin did not notice it.

After luncheon there was still an hour to waste before Edward's train was due, and he was still unconscious of anything unusual in Paul, when the latter asked him to go out in the garden for a stroll with him. The garden was large ; it extended not only the full breadth of the house to a wall bounded by the parallel street, but ran along that street for a little distance at the back of other houses. Beneath some tall limes, the crimson-edged branches of which were now showing a few fluttering transparent leaflets, pale green against the blue sky, there was a stretch of rich deep sward, the growth of at least a century. Here were benches, and, sitting on one of them, one could see the flower-garden and the back of the house half hidden in ivy and creepers.

Quite silently the young men strolled through the whole length of the garden, Edward looking at the scented hyacinths, the flowering currants, old friends he knew so well, the great elm with the long disused swing and the rich veil of April green about its lower branches, and vaguely enjoying the mystery and richness of the spring ; Paul, with his eyes cast down, his lips closed firmly, his ears deaf to the song of the blackbirds who found homes in that pleasant garden, and whose music seemed like a romantic picture painted on the prosaic background of the town noise.

Edward threw himself on a bench and stretched his legs comfortably before him in the sunshine, while he took his short pipe from his pocket and began to fill it, and was just beginning to wonder why Paul did not smoke. Then he looked up and was surprised at the expression on the face of Paul, who was standing before him, a dark figure against the sunshine.

Paul was extremely pale, his eyes appeared black with intense feeling, his lips moved as if trying to frame some speech of which

he was incapable, and for a few moments he gazed silently at his cousin.

"What is the matter, Paul?" the latter asked, changing his careless attitude for an upright posture. He had heard something of Paul's pecuniary straits, and thought that he might be on the verge of asking help of him. He knew that his introduction to Captain McIlvray had been rather unfortunate. McIlvray and Paul, being congenial spirits had rapidly become intimate; this intimacy had brought Paul into immediate contact with the other officers of the regiment, and in turn with their friends. Those Highland officers were all men of means and family, they were nearly all unmarried, and more or less fast, and the usual consequences of a young man associating with richer men than himself had ensued. Late hours, play, moderate by a rich man's standard, but high by a poor man's, steeple-chasing by a horse due at sick people's doors, and suchlike, had combined to empty the doctor's pockets and scandalize his patients, particularly the steady-going burghers of Medington, who did not care to trust their families or themselves to the hands of a young man, who, instead of occupying his leisure with medical books, consorted with a "set of rackety officers"; and for all this Edward felt to some extent responsible.

"I asked you," Paul replied in the incisive tones of white-hot passion, "to come out here, because I think it time to come to an understanding."

"An understanding of what? If it is money, dear fellow, I think I can promise to help you."

"Money," repeated Paul with ironical laughter, "money indeed!"

This lofty scorn of that cause of so much mischief, the lack of which is so excessively inconvenient to ordinary mortals, was less edifying than amusing in a man who was head over ears in debt, and a half smile stole over Edward's face when he heard it. A certain grandiose manner which Paul inherited from his mother, and which sometimes degenerated into affectation, often amused his simpler-mannered cousin, and provoked him to the expression of wholesome ridicule. But the tragic set of Paul's features warned him that anything in the shape of laughter would be ill-timed, so he composed his face to a decent gravity, observing that he had feared, from certain hints Paul had given, that times were hard with him, and that he was delighted to find himself mistaken.

"If it isn't money," he reflected, "it must be love. Though, how on earth I am to help at that, I don't know."

"You seem a cup too low," he added aloud. "Come, cheer up; whatever it is, you have the world before you, and a stout pair of arms to fight it with."

"Thank you," Paul replied with sharper irony, "I am in no need of either your advice or your sympathy."

"Then, what in the world does he want?" thought the other. "It cannot be his mother's temper."

"Surely you must know what explanation I require," continued Paul, relieving his irritation by dinting the turf sharply with his heel. Edward possessed that perfect good temper which results from the combination of a good digestion, a clean conscience, and congenial circumstances; the undisturbed amiability with which he met his fiery cousin's determination to quarrel with him was most aggravating. "Is it possible," Paul thought, concentrating his blazing glance upon that cheerful face, "that this man can be such a hypocrite as well as traitor? I wish to know," he added aloud, "the object of your visits to Arden Manor?"

"Indeed?" The good-tempered face darkened now. "That is my affair." Edward rose from the bench, made a few steps and then retraced them. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you brought me out here for the express purpose of asking why I visit at Arden?"

"For the express purpose," replied Paul, the breath coming audibly through his quivering nostrils.

The momentary irritation passed away and Edward laughed.

"You always were a queer fellow," he said; "but why this paternal interest in my goings and comings?"

"I warned you," continued Paul; "I explained the situation to you; I have spoken to you since of my hopes and wishes. You have indeed honoured my confidence. The very first day you went there by stealth. It was unnecessary, you might have gone openly. A second time you went by stealth when every one considered you to be miles away. Yet, after what passed in my presence, secrecy was absurd. Do you suppose me to be blind? We all know that a girl flirt delights in trying to make conquests of those who belong to others. That a man should descend so far is, I own, almost incredible. But one must believe the evidence of one's senses. That a man, I will not say a gentleman, a man with the most elementary notions of honour should deliberately pay his addresses in a quarter to one——"



"My dear Paul," interrupted Edward, keeping a grave face with difficulty, "what a ridiculous misunderstanding this is! Beware of jealousy."

"Jealousy!" cried Paul, flinging away from him with his eyes rolling. "Jealousy, indeed! I saw you," he added inconsistently, "when you said good-bye at my door to-day. That night I saw you placing her hands on the bow with your infernal fingers——"

"And were not jealous? Sensible fellow! Seriously you are in a painful position, and it makes you, as you told me the other day, over-sensitive; you cannot see things in their right proportions; you exaggerate trifles."

"Is it a trifle that you are almost an inmate of that house? that she gives you flowers? that you treasure up one flower she drops? that you look into her eyes as I saw you look an hour ago? that you sing with her? walk alone with her? act like an idiot when she is near? By all that is sacred——"

"Come, listen to reason; I admit you are not jealous. But, as you said the other day, it makes you wretched in this uncertain state of affairs even to hear of other men going to the house, much less being civil to her."

"Civil!"

"One must be civil to ladies, especially in their own houses. I was bound to teach her to shoot. But I am innocent of the other crimes you impute to me, I swear I am. Look here, Paul. I will stand more from you than from any man living. But you go too far. You are hard hit and in a false position, and that makes you forget yourself. Put an end to all this, for pity's sake; ask her to marry you and have done with it."

"Have done with it; that would, no doubt, be agreeable to you," Paul repeated, with a grim smile. "But I may be mistaken, after all, you have no doubt been so obliging as to try to advance my suit by proxy."

Edward turned red when he remembered his unfortunate essay in that line in Arden churchyard.

"Nonsense," he replied, laughing. "Come, you have the field to yourself. I shall not be seeing her for weeks. In the meantime, come to the point, and let me congratulate you on being engaged before I come back again."

The easy way in which he proposed this impossible thing turned all Paul's blood to fire, made his head swim, and clouded his eyes for a moment. He knew that Edward and Alice loved

each other, and, more than that, he knew that Edward, while speaking with this insolent nonchalance, was fully aware that he had won Alice's heart. The fire of inextinguishable hate burned in his breast, and the madness of jealousy possessed him; the parting look between the two pierced like a poisoned arrow to the core of his heart; it was well for him that no deadly weapon was at hand or his cousin's last words would have been spoken.

"You have no explanation to offer then?" he asked.

"There is nothing to explain. You accuse me of paying too much attention to the lady of your choice. I reply that I have not done so."

"Can you deny that you love Alice Lingard?" he urged.

"Surely you mean Sibyl?" Edward faltered. "It was she of whom you spoke that night. I had not even heard of Miss Lingard's existence."

"Then it is true," Paul said tragically; and for some moments neither cousin could do anything but try to realize the painful situation in which they found themselves.

"It was not my mistake alone," added Edward, who was now grave enough. "Your mother jested on the subject the first night I spent there."

"Are you engaged to Miss Lingard?" Paul asked, turning a stony face, from which despair had taken all the passion, towards the pained glance of his cousin.

"No," he replied, and for the moment wished he could have said yes. If he had not already won Alice's heart, he knew that he was on the high road to it. He might have spoken the night before, but he considered it scarcely seemly to be so precipitate. And, now that he had not actually committed himself, he did not know what to do. He had certainly injured Paul, and in a way that made atonement impossible.

"I am sorry for this," he said, after a pause, "more sorry than I can say." And yet he doubted if his advent had done Paul much harm. He had had the first chance and had missed it. But what if Alice had seemed to accept his attentions for the purpose of drawing the laggard lover on? Girls often did that. Girls like Alice? Oh, no; Alice was different; she was not to be measured by ordinary standards.

The discovery that Edward had not played him false, and that he had consequently no grievance against him, served rather to intensify the jealous anger which devoured Paul's heart.

Every expression of regret on Edward's part was another assurance that Alice had been stolen from him.

"You must never see her again," he said decisively. An almond-tree covered with blossom rose behind him and traced its pink branches upon the clear blue sky. He turned and took a thick bough in his hands and snapped it like a stick of wax, and the pink tracery was now marked on the green turf at his feet. Edward plucked some of the red twigs of the lime-tree, and twisted them round his fingers until he nearly brought the blood. The blackbird fluted melodiously, the hum of the busy marketplace went on, the church clock chimed the hour, and the gnomon of the tree-shadows changed its place on the turf-dial, while the two cousins stood silent, facing each other, divided this way and that by distracting thoughts.

"I cannot promise that," Edward replied at last. "We cannot both have her, but one must. She is not to be left to linger out her youth in doubt. I give you three months. That is a long time. Six weeks ago I had never heard of her."

Paul made another deep dent in the turf. Three months was no time, and how could he ask a woman to marry him in his present circumstances? Besides, would Alice forget Edward in three months?

Edward was asking himself the same question. He had no right to believe that she would ever think of him, and yet it seemed impossible that the stream of their lives, having once mingled, could ever divide again. But Love is jealous. Alice had known Paul for years; she admired his character and pitied his domestic misery; she might easily think his own feeling for her, if not followed up in those three months, a passing fancy, and would certainly quench whatever nascent feeling for himself might have been germinating within her, when she saw that Paul's happiness depended upon her.

"Three months is no time," Paul said.

"You must indeed be blind," returned Edward, "if you cannot see what a tremendous advantage those three months will give you. She will think I have forgotten her."

Paul did not think so, yet he wondered that Edward could face such a possibility. After all, did this cold-blooded fellow really care for her? Surely not as he did.

"I cannot live without her," he cried in his stormy way, "and perhaps you can."

"Yes," replied Edward slowly, "I *can* live without her. Perhaps I should be no good to her. If only she is happy! If she takes you—and I cannot say that I wish that—it must be as Heaven pleases—I shall forget this, I shall try to be her friend—yes, and yours. It is something to have known her, more to have loved her. Heaven bless her! Till three months then."

He was gone.

Paul was touched. The pendulum of his impetuous nature swung to the other extreme. He could not have yielded that advantage, and he thought that if Alice took Edward she would take the better man. He remembered what a golden strand his cousin's friendship had woven in his lonely childhood and through all his life. A thousand forgotten things revived in his memory; he thought what a good fellow Edward was! what days they had had together! He knew that not every man had such a friend, and few women such a lover. And a vague foreboding warned him that the life-long comradeship would never be renewed. At last he turned to go back to the house, and met the maid tripping over the turf with a note. "From Mr. Rickman, sir," she said. He opened it with a pre-occupied air and read:

"The infant Annesley died this morning. G. R."

He was now the actual heir of Gledesworth. The present owner was incapable of making a will.

"Poor little fellow!" he exclaimed; "poor baby! poor young mother!"

Then he went in to convey the weighty tidings to his mother.

Edward was now on his way home with a heavy weight on his heart, thinking that the two best things in his life, his love and his friendship, had been broken at one blow.

---

### PART III.—CHAPTER I.

#### LIGHT AND SHADE.

It was a dark day in May, one of those weird, poetic days, full of purple shadows broken by bursts of hazy sun-gold, in which the most lovely and capricious of months hides its youth and freshness under a gloom borrowed from autumn as if in sport.

Mysterious folds of gloom were woven about the downs;

great masses of purple and umber shade floated solemnly over the level lands below them ; the hills on the horizon borrowed a grandeur not their own from these broad cloud-shadows, and the dark haze swathed about their flanks ; the level band of sea, where the hills suddenly broke away from the shore, was dark and dream-like, and lighted by fitful gleams of golden lustre ; here and there, when a rift in the heavy clouds let the sunshine through in a long, misty shaft, an unexpected field, cottage or village tower shone out from the surrounding haze, only to fade into the warm gloom again with a most magical effect ; and the dense, dark woods, which looked autumn-like in the shadow, smiled now and again under the sun-bursts into the exquisitely varied tints of fresh May foliage.

On such a day nightingales sing in the stillness of the shadowy woods, and now and then blackbirds interrupt them with their flute-notes, while larks keep fluttering upwards with sudden torrents of song. On such a day the cuckoo is less persistent in his merry defiance, and doves moan continually in fragrant fir-woods.

The square and solid tower of Arden church looked darker and grander beneath the deep cloud-piled sky, a solemn shadow brooded over the thatched roofs and stone walls of the cottages, over the grey gables of Arden Manor, and the dark-tiled Parsonage roof. From the church-tower there hung in rarely-stirred folds a flag, half-mast high ; one or two were shown in the village ; the throb of the slow-pulsed knell vibrated upon the quiet air. Raysh Squire was once more exercising his melancholy function in the chill darkness of the belfry, whither even on the brightest summer days a wandering sunbeam rarely strayed, and then only in slender, half-dimmed rods. Raysh yawned ; he had been pulling his rope for a good hour, and, in spite of his firm conviction that only such art as he had acquired in a life-long exercise of his craft could do justice to a funeral knell, and that such art did not reside in any mortal arm within ten miles of Arden, he sorely wanted to see and hear all that was going on outside in the thronged churchyard, and continually asked for information of the little grandchild he had stationed at the door, which stood slightly ajar for the purpose.

"Baint 'em come yet?" he kept repeating, with impatience ; and the little one always said, "No ; only the live ones is come."

A low murmur of voices rose from the village and hummed



under the very walls of the church; the landlord of the Golden Horse moved about with a sort of melancholy exultation irradiating his wooden visage, and gave up counting the maze of vehicles drawn up under the sycamore-trees before his door in an agreeable despair; while his wife and daughter flew hither and thither with crimson faces and panting chests, in the vain attempt to be in five places at once and the still vainer endeavour to discriminate between the numerous orders heaped upon them, until the landlady became "that harled," as she expressed it, that she relieved her feelings by dealing a sounding box on the ear to the astounded and unoffending stable-help, thus completely scattering what remained of his harried wits; after that she felt better, though it cost her a solid, silver shilling.

The whole of Arden village, gentle and simple, every one who was not too old or too ill, was about the churchyard or along the road; extreme youth was no bar to coming out, since it could be carried in arms, whence it occasionally expressed loud dissatisfaction at the lot of man, not knowing how soon it would be quieted once and for all in the silence whence it came. Everybody wore a bit of black ribbon or crape, and every face expressed that quiet enjoyment which the British lower classes experience only at a funeral.

"Where there's one death in a family there's sure to be three avore the year's out," one kind-faced matron observed to another with unction.

"Zure enough," replied the other in an awed voice, "but taint every day there's such a sad death as this yere. My master, he zes there's trouble for everybody holding Gledesworth lands, and there aint no going agen it no more than Scripture. Bide still, Billy, my dear; don't ee pull sister's hair now."

The national temperament, which shows in its pureness in the lower strata, delights chiefly in the dismal; it may be that the countrymen of Shakspeare and Milton have a natural bias for tragedy; it may be that strong and deep natures can only be moved by strong and deep things, such as the dark mysteries of death and sorrow. At all events the light and bright things that set other Europeans laughing and dancing, too frequently move our sober folk only to a sort of wondering contempt.

But now there is a movement, a dark procession is seen winding slowly between the cottage flower-gardens; the vicar, a solitary and conspicuous figure in his white surplice, issues from the deep-arched door and walks slowly down to the lych-gate, to



meet the solemn and silent guest with words of immortal hope ; a touching custom, which seems like the welcome home of a son, never more to leave the fatherly roof.

Now the occupants of the carts and carriages emptied and drawn up before the Golden Horse, arrange themselves in fit order with those who have followed the hearse over the downs all the way from distant Gledesworth, and the silent and unconscious centre of all the lugubrious pomp is lifted on to the broad shoulders of eight stalwart labourers, in white smocks, blue Sunday trousers and broad felt hats, and borne silently after the welcoming priest into the dim church, which is already half-full of women in black (for the men are nearly all following), and where the air is tremulous with the wail of the Funeral March from the organ.

There were no breaking hearts and streaming eyes at this burial ; those who had loved the man lying beneath the violet velvet pall were gone to their long home, and he who walked as chief mourner behind him, Paul Annesley, had never known him. But there were tears in Paul Annesley's eyes ; his face was pale with feeling and his heart ached within him with pity for the man he had never seen, the man who for ten weary years had been a captive, strange to all the joys of life, dead to all its interests and affections, exchanging no rational word with his fellow-men, and seeing the face of none who loved him. Yet though it was well that the darkness of death should close upon this terrible affliction, the pity of it struck keen to the heart of the man who inherited the possessions which had been so valueless to their owner, and the fact that all the lands they had traversed that morning, the very land out of which that small field reserved for God and the poorest of men was taken, belonged to him, made that darkened and silenced life seem the more pitiful to the heir, standing above the coffin in the flower of his youth.

Paul had been discontented with his lot, and now one higher than he had ever dreamed of was his. He was in some sort the lord of all that following of tenantry who packed the church aisles and thronged the churchyard in silent homage to the poor dead maniac. His sudden good-fortune touched his heart to the core, made it ache with compassion for his unknown kinsman, and pierced it with a sense of his own defects. Dr. Davis, his former successful rival, stood not far off, having come uninvited out of respect to the dead man. Their relative positions were

indeed changed, and Paul was ashamed of his former jealousy. Gervase Rickman was there as steward to the estate ; the broad-faced, hearty-voiced farmers who yesterday might employ him or not as they chose, were to-day his tenants ; their manner to him had changed already. He was still actually the parish doctor ; only two nights ago he rode over the bleak downs to help Daniel Pink's wife in her trouble, Daniel Pink, who, though not on the home farm, represented his father, now too feeble for the service, as a bearer.

There was little air in the dim, massively-built church, where the heavy arches rested on low, solid piers of immense girth ; it was obstructed by old-fashioned square pews ; the light came dimly through the deep, small-paned windows, many of which, stained richly, broke the white daylight in various colours over the stone effigies of former Annesleys, couched there with lance and helm in perpetual prayer. The musty odour of the unsunned church was stifling ; the monotonous voice of the clergyman fell sadly upon the ear, echoed by Raysh Squire's still more monotonous church falsetto, complaining of the brevity of man's stay upon earth and its sadness ; these things, and the strangeness of the thoughts which came upon him as he stood in a position to which he was not born, and which was yet his by birth, so wrought on Paul that he could scarcely remain there, and was glad when the rite in the church was done, and they came out into the free air again, and the buzz of low-toned conversation died away before them.

A sun-burst fell upon the violet pall ; it lighted the white smocks of the bearers, the weathered stonework of the church, the delicate green of the elms where rooks were cawing, and glorified the faces of the crowd. Paul bethought him that he was in some degree responsible for the well-being of all these people.

And he wondered how his turn of fortune would work on Alice ? It would be nothing without her, and though he now contrasted his position with Edward's triumphantly, he would gladly have exchanged with him, or sunk back into the struggling and unsuccessful parish doctor, if he could but win Alice.

People looked with wondering interest at the pale face, so familiar to most of them under such different associations, for the most part with harmless envy of one on whom Fortune had so suddenly smiled, otherwise not without a vague pity. There were whispers of the mysterious doom which clung to the owner

of Gledesworth, and speculations as to this man's fate. Would he too go down to the grave, unmourned by a son of his blood, not knowing who should gather the riches he left behind him?

Many, nay most of the tenants remembered Reginald Annesley before his great affliction had sundered him from his fellow-men, some of them remembered old kindnesses and genial words, all were touched with an awed pity, which was the deeper because they did not know that no blind Fate, but youthful excess, developing a hereditary tendency, was the true cause of his long affliction. Especially was this the feeling of the simple-hearted men who bore their master and friend to his tomb. To them his solitary following of one unknown kinsman was all the more striking because of the large retinue which surrounded him; they thought of the sad life of which this was the close, and their hearts went out in strong pity; they listened to the terrible cry that was wrung from Notker's awestruck heart a thousand years ago, when the falling of a bridge crushed so many strong lives out before his eyes, with a deep sense of the pathos of human destiny. Daniel Pink, the shepherd, looked up and caught the intense glance of Paul's dark eyes, and pitied him too, he knew not why.

Daniel Pink did not envy any man; if he had been offered any other lot than his own, he would probably have refused it. For he had all that man needs, the warm affections of a home that his own strong arms maintained, and a plain path of daily duty marked out before him; he walked upon an earth full of meaning and beauty, and looked up to an infinite heaven of majesty and wonder. His heart was touched with pity both for the rich man they were laying in his tomb, his father's master, and for the young heir who stood living before him.

Only when the last words of prayer and blessing were said, the last rites done, and they turned away from the vault, the reality of his changed fortune came home to Paul, and with it a new sense of human responsibility, and especially his own. Yearnings for a better life came to him on the brink of that dark vault; he resolved to be worthy of the gifts suddenly heaped upon him. How mean his past life seemed in the light of these new aspirations!

So he thought as he left the churchyard leading on his arm the widow of young Reginald Annesley, and the mother of the dead baby, who, like himself, had never seen the elder Reginald. One of his first duties would be to make her a liberal provision;

for, owing to unforeseen circumstances and the reversal of natural order in the untimely deaths of her husband and child, scarcely anything had fallen to her share. There was even a pathos in the fact that this dead man had carefully entailed his estates, but vainly, since his issue failed and his lands passed immediately and unknown to him to an unknown heir-at-law.

Mrs. Walter Annesley was in the church, veiled in crape, with a handkerchief to her eyes, yet by no means consumed with grief. She had indeed one cause of sorrow in the fact that Paul's inheritance had fallen to him so early that he had not time to appreciate the sacrifice she made to pay his debts. She was thinking of the new lord of Gledesworth, and wishing that Alice, who was sitting unseen at the organ, would meditate on the same theme.

"Let us fly from this dismal place, Alice," cried Sibyl in the afternoon; "of all the humbugs in this humbugging world, funerals are the greatest and most dismal. I will not have any fuss made about me when I am dead, remember that. I am so glad Paul is turned into a little prince. I never realized it till to-day. I suppose he will be too grand to come to the Manor now?"

"Do you want to get rid of him, Sibyl?"

"I? Oh! my dear, he does not come to see *me*," replied Sibyl with an air of raillery apparently lost on Alice, who was very busy arranging Hubert's collar so as to leash him. But Sibyl was not easily extinguished, and when they had gone a little way through the fields she returned to the charge.

"I am sure that he was not happy, Alice," she said with a mysterious air; "there was a secret canker at the root of everything, and I believe it was want of money."

"If you are alluding to Daniel Pink," replied Alice with a little smile, "he is the most contented fellow I know, and though his large family does make him poor——"

"Alice, how provoking you are! Pink, indeed!"

As they were setting forth expressly to visit Pink's wife and welcome the ninth baby, Alice explained that it was most natural to be thinking of him.

"As if people could think of anybody but the new little king," replied Sibyl; "I feel quite set up myself. Do look round, Alice, and realize that all this belongs to Paul Annesley, this very turf

we are walking on and our own dear Arden Manor down there by the church. I suppose he could turn us out if he chose, we are a kind of vassals. I almost wish he would, Arden is so very dull ; don't you ?”

“You are growing restless again. Is this philosophic ?” asked Alice, placing the basket she was carrying to the shepherd's wife on the ground and resting her arms on a gate half-way up the down.

“No ; its human. Yes, I am restless. I want—oh I want—*everything !*” cried Sibyl.

Alice took the bright face in her hands, and kissed it. “You are a little fool, Sibbie,” she said gently, “a dear little fool. Write some more verses, it always does you good. I am not sure that a good whipping would not be the best thing.”

“No doubt,” replied Sibyl, while she lifted her head and gazed on the solemn fields and hills over which the great cloud-shadows were slowly sailing in larger and larger masses, thus leaving rarer intervals of sun-light, as if she were looking in vain for happiness. “Do you think, Alice, it will be always like this ? Quiet Arden, Raysh ringing the bells, the garden, the dairy, a day's shopping in Medington, an occasional visitor, Mrs. Pink's annual baby, the choir-practice, and Horace Merton coming home from Oxford and worrying the vicar ?”

Alice looked thoughtfully at Sibyl's pretty wistful face, and wondered “who he was ?” Surely not young Merton himself, the vicar's troublesome prodigal, whom she had seen that morning, the only uninterested person during the funeral, at full length in a hammock under the vicarage trees, studying French literature in yellow paper covers, in obedience to his father's request that he should “read a little” during his enforced absence from Oxford ; an absence connected with the unauthorized introduction of a monkey to the apartments of a Don, as poor Mr. Merton understood. This young gentleman haunted the Manor with the persistence of an ancestral ghost, and was not without his good points, in spite of the monkey incident ; yet though Sibyl diligently snubbed him, as she did all her victims as soon as the nature of their malady became apparent, no one could say when and in whose person the fated man might appear.

“Perhaps there will be a change for us,” Alice said ; “Mrs. Pink may not go on having babies for ever, and Horace Merton will not be sent down more than once again. And some day Raysh will be ringing the bells for your wedding.”



"What a trivial notion! Can't you originate something a little less common-place?"

"Well! for mine then. I am sure that is a new idea. Then you would get rid of me."

"I don't know," replied Sibyl, "I don't think you would go very far."

"Dear Sibbie, you are more sibylline than usual. I can't see the point of the innuendo, unless you mean me to elope with Raysh," said Alice, pursuing her way tranquilly with the basket in her hand.

"I do think you are stone-blind," continued Sibyl, in a graver tone. "My dear, don't you know what everybody else knows or has known for the last few weeks, that that poor fellow's happiness hangs upon your breath?"

Alice grew hot, and made a movement of impatience; then she asked Sibyl to speak plainly and leave the subject.

"He is really such a good fellow, and it would make us all so happy to have you near, and you would make him so happy. And his mother wishes it, she even asked me to try to bring it on."

"Oh!" returned Alice, with a sigh of relief, "in strict confidence, I suppose, Miss Sib. A pretty conspirator she chose when she lighted upon you. You sweet goose, if you must needs amuse yourself with match-making, you could not hit upon a worse plan than to show your hand."

"But, Alice, do be serious——"

"Dear child, I am serious, and I wish you to understand once for all that it is a mistake, and to help me spare him the pain of a direct refusal. I saw it all months ago, and have done my best to put a stop to it. I even thought of going away for a time."

"It is in your power to make him so happy," said Sibyl pathetically. "You might grow to care for him in time, you know."

"Never," she answered. "I could never—in any case—have cared for a man of that uncontrolled disposition—even supposing——"

"Supposing what?" Sibyl asked, with a keen look.

"Oh! nothing. I mean, if I had loved him, I could never be happy with such a man. I am like my mother. I saw her misery, Sibyl, child as I was. There was that in my poor father which made her feel him her inferior—it is not for me to speak of his faults. If I once found what I could not respect in a man, I could not live with him. I have a sort of pride——"



"But Alice," interrupted Sibyl quickly, "if you cannot respect Paul Annesley, whom then can you respect?"

"Oh, I beg his pardon," replied Alice, her breath taken away by this sudden indignation; "I spoke widely. Of course I respect our old and true friend, Paul. But a husband—that is different—it is something stronger and deeper than respect, it is reverence that a husband compels."

"And what can you not reverence in Dr. Annesley?" asked Sibyl with such remorseless persistence, that Alice began to wonder if Paul Annesley could be the name of him who had troubled her friend's peace of mind.

"He is at the mercy of his own impulses," she said.

"And they are always good," pursued Sibyl vindictively.

"You say a bold thing when you say that of any human being, Sibyl. No, I can only give my deepest reverence to the man who is master of himself. 'Give me the man that is not passion's slave.' I can value this one as a friend, but—no nearer. No one knows what is in Paul Annesley; any turn of fate may bring him into a totally opposite direction; he might do anything. I tell you in the very strictest confidence what I would tell no other human being, I tremble for him now; he will never be the same again, now that his circumstances are so changed, and what he will be, Heaven alone knows. As you say, he has good impulses, but what are they without a guiding principle and a compelling will?"

"And you alone can give his life a right direction," urged Sibyl. "Oh, Alice! think what it is to hold this man's fate in your hands!"

"And what if I hold another——" She stopped short and coloured. "Dear Sibyl, you are indeed a staunch friend," she added in a gentler voice. "If he could win you now—a heart is so easily caught at the rebound."

"There will be no rebound," replied Sibyl, in so even a voice that Alice was sure of the Platonic nature of her regard for Paul. "The kind of malady you inspire, you dear creature, is incurable. People soon get over the slight shocks I administer, but you are fatal."

Alice smiled tenderly upon Sibyl, but made no rejoinder, and they walked on noiselessly over the rich turf, deep in thought. Sibyl's regard for Alice had, as the other well knew, something of worship; her ardent nature invested her friendships with a romantic enthusiasm that sometimes made her calmer friend

smile and often called forth a gentle rebuke from her. Perhaps Alice's affection for the younger and more impetuous girl was as strong as Sibyl's, though it expressed itself less passionately, and had a strong dash of maternal compassion. Nothing had ever come between them since they had first met, two shy stranger girls of thirteen in the porch of Arden Manor, and instantly lost their shyness in the fellow-feeling it engendered between them.

The first bar was to come that day. It happened in Daniel Pink's solitary thatched cottage, which was built in a nest-like hollow under the down. The girls entered the low porch, like the welcome guests they were, and sat in the dim smoke-blackened room, handling and discussing the ninth little Pink by turns, while the shepherd looked on with a pleased face, with the deposed baby in his arms and two chubby children a little older clinging to his knees.

"Look at the heft of 'n," said the proud father, "entirely drags ye down, Miss Sibyl, 'e do."

"I wouldn't carry him a mile for a fortune," Sibyl replied, kissing the little red fist, "not for all the lands of Gledesworth, Shepherd"

"I 'lows you wouldn't, Miss. Dr. Annesley have took a heavy weight on the shoulders of 'n. A many have been bowed down by riches, a many, as I've a yerd zay."

"And many have been crushed by poverty," Alice said.

"Zure enough. 'Taint fur we to zay what's good for us, Miss Alice. A personable man, but a doesn't come up to the Captain, the doctor doesn't."

"The Captain?" asked Alice, wondering.

"Oh! he is only a lieutenant. You mean Lieutenant Annesley, don't you, Master Pink?" said the ready Sibyl.

"When I zeen he and you walking together, Miss Lingard," continued the shepherd gravely, "I zes to mezelf, I zes, 'Marriages is made in Heaven,' I zes. And Mam Gale, she zays——"

"Oh! Master Pink, you won't forget about the seedlings, will you?" cried Alice, starting up. "It is getting so late. We have stayed too long."

And with hasty farewells Alice left the cottage, forgetting the basket, and leaving Sibyl to follow in more leisurely fashion. She walked so fast that she had reached the gate at the end of the field through which the cottage was approached before Sibyl had left the garden, and waited for her there, with flushed

cheeks. Sibyl's ready tongue was unaccountably tied when she joined her; a strange pain was gnawing at her heart, and Alice's attempts at commonplace chat did not succeed.

"I can't help thinking that this same Mr. Edward Annesley might just as well write to us, Alice," she said at last. "That little note to mother the day after he left was the briefest formality."

"Perhaps," replied Alice, who had now regained her self-possession, "he thinks the same of us. You can scold him when he comes."

"But will he come?" asked Sibyl, with such an eagerness in her voice, that Alice stopped on her way and looked with sudden misgiving into Sibyl's dark ardent eyes and read all.

"Sibyl," she said, "oh! Sibyl!" and she tried to draw her nearer; but Sibyl pushed her back with a look Alice had never seen before, and walked on in silence.

In the first bitter flood of jealous agony that surged into her heart Sibyl felt capable of hating her friend; then the mortifying memory of her self-deception made her so hot with self-contempt that every other feeling was swallowed up in it, and she longed for the earth to open and hide her away for ever. It seemed as if she had better never have been born than make so dreadful a blunder at the very threshold of life; she thought she could never endure to live any more. Then things came back to her memory, little insignificant details which had passed unobserved at the time, but which now showed the general meaning of the whole story, just as the festal lights reveal the general outlines of a building, and she saw clearly how things stood between Edward and Alice. How could it have been otherwise? She felt the charm of Alice too deeply herself to wonder that she should have been preferred. It was inevitable that those two should choose each other. But for her everything had come to a full stop. "*Entbehren sollst du*," was the message the woods and fields and sea had for her that day; it was written in the deep cloud-piled sky, and in the solemn shadows about the hills; the rooks, sailing home in stately chanting procession, reminded her of it, and the blackbirds, fluting mournfully down in the copses, repeated it; even the lark, fluttering upwards with the beginning of a song and dropping back into silence, had the same meaning in his music.

She paused and allowed Alice to come up with her, and seeing that she had been crying, kissed her with a sort of passion.

"Do you remember the day you first came to Arden, Alice?" she said, "when I found you crying in your room after we were sent to bed?"

"And you comforted me, and we agreed always to be friends."

"And now my crossness has made you cry, you poor dear! And you are dearer to me than anybody in the whole universe."

"Sibyl!"

"And there is Gervase out by the ricks wondering why we are so late. Let us make haste home."

Then Gervase caught sight of them and came to meet them, scolding them both with fraternal impartiality for being so late. He had lately taken to living in rooms at Medington to save time in going and coming from business, and now expected to be treated as a guest in his frequent visits to Arden.

He looked at Sibyl and saw that something was wrong; and Alice looked at the brother and sister with a sort of remorse. In spite of Gervase's well-acted brotherliness, she was not sure that she had not driven him from his home, and now she had done something worse to his sister; all this was a poor requital to the family in which she had been received, a lonely child. The question now arose, how should she set these wrongs right? How could she stand against the iron strength of Fate?

She felt such a helplessness as completely crushed her spirits; she slipped away to the solitude of her own room under the pretext of fatigue, and sat musing long at the open lattice.

Gervase in the meantime had taken his violin, and, leaning against the great apple-tree, whence the blossom was now almost gone, drew his bow across the strings so that they made an almost human cry, a sound that never failed to bring Sibyl to his side, and she came out and sat in the seat beneath him, while he played on in silence strains so mournful and so tender that they drew the over-charge of feeling from her heart and the refreshing tears to her eyes, till the "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*," which the lark and the breezes sang to her in the afternoon, seemed the sweetest refrain in the world.

While he played, a series of pictures rose before Gervase's mind, pictures in which he saw himself baffling by continual thrusts the fate which to Alice seemed so invincible, until he had bound Edward to his sister, and Alice to himself.

Alice heard the music from her window, and it drew tears from her eyes.

## CHAPTER II.

## OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

It is beautiful to be on the line of rail which runs along the Jura ; the mountain rises sheer on one side and the steep falls suddenly away on the other, while the traveller is borne with bird-like swiftness and directness along the hill-side, secure, without effort, straight to an apparent block which hinders further progress. But a closer view shows a black spot in the rocky mass, tiny as the nest of some sea-bird on a cliff ; it grows as the distance lessens, till it becomes a dark arch, and into that darts the train with angry thunder and impatient panting, and there is blackness all round, and thick air, and a vague distress of body and mind for awhile. Then gleams a pale light and a sweet rush of air follows, and out like a bird darts the long train, as if suspended in mid-air by the mountain-side, till another tiny bird-hole appears, and growing, swallows up the darting length of the train, which is soon cast forth once more on the open face of the steep cliff. All this is pleasant in itself, but still more pleasant to one who, like Edward Annesley, is impatient of the journey's length and anxious to reach its end.

He bestowed various inward maledictions upon Continental railways as he journeyed on, and wondered how such a blessing as steam came to be bestowed upon a people so inappreciative of the speed to be got out of it. But the swiftest English express would have been slow in comparison with the winged desires which bore his heart onwards to the goal of Alice Lingard's presence. The three months' embargo was now taken off and Paul was not yet engaged to Alice ; Edward was therefore free to prosecute his own suit.

The frontier is cleared the interminable delay of the customs officers at an end, and now the long sweep of the waters of Neuchâtel shines greyly along the low shores in the dim, misty morning. And is this the glory of Alpine lakeland ? this long, grey river between the low, grey shores ? Where are the mountains ? where the pearly gleam of the far-off snow-peaks, shaming the less ethereal lustre of the white cloud-masses ? where the blue shadows in the mountain-flanks, the distant hint of glacier and crevasse, the purple folds of the wooded spurs lower down ? There is nothing but a pall of grey sky brooding heavily



over a sheet of cold, grey water, ruffled slightly by the September breeze ; the sedges and reeds about the banks rustle mournfully ; a bird's wild and desolate cry is heard ; no boats glide over the lonely lake ; the train creeps on, and Edward feels the inward chill of disappointment that reality too often brings to long brooded hopes.

The train stopped to the accompaniment of cries of "Granson ;" he got out and strolled through the narrow street to a broad-caved house with a low portal opening on the pavement, and was soon standing in the cool, flagged hall, clasped in the arms of a bright, gold-haired girl, and the centre of admiring and sympathetic glances from other fair-haired girls who were flitting up and down the uncarpeted staircase and sighing for the day when fathers and brothers should come to fetch them away to their foreign homes.

"I say, Nell," he remonstrated, after a resigned kiss, "if this kind of thing could only be done with some attempt at privacy."

"I daresay," sobbed Eleanor, "when I have not spoken English for months or seen anybody from home for a year. Wait till you get *Heimweh*, you hard-hearted thing !"

"Well ! pack up your traps and let us be off to Neufchâtel by the next train," he said, following his sister into the august presence of the school-mistress, from whom he had much difficulty in wresting the required permission. Then, after being introduced to five of Miss Eleanor's very best friends, and dining in a very feminine and attenuated manner with the whole sisterhood, he bore her off at last in triumph by the afternoon train.

And then a miracle happened. By this time the streets were flooded with the warm gold of autumn sunshine, and the lake waters sparkled with sapphire reflections, and lo ! the heavy pall of grey had been swept away by unseen hands, and behind it, spreading away into infinite dim distances, gleaming beneath clear sky, lay range upon range of white, blue-shadowed Alps, the their pure summits springing high, one above the other, into the very depths of the pale blue ether overhead. There they lay, terrible in their snowy grandeur, dreamlike in their marvellous beauty, tinted with the delicate transparency of some airy unsubstantial pageant, and yet so real and so impressive in their massive reality. Such a repose they had in their naked sublimity, lying reclined like strong gods at rest,

girdling about the lake and lowlands and holding the earth still in their mighty grasp.

"So Neufchâtel is tame?" Eleanor asked, watching her brother's face of rapt admiration with pleased delight.

"There is enchantment in it! Are there witches hereabouts, Nell?" he replied.

"Only Sibyl Rickman, who passes for something of the kind. So nothing came of your flirtation, Ned?"

"Which one?" he replied tranquilly. "One a week is the average you girls impute to me."

"Oh! we heard all about it. Harriet wrote me some long letters from Aunt Eleanor's this summer. Auntie told her all about Sibyl——"

"I hope Miss Rickman boxed the imp's ears well."

"The Rickmans were pleased, Auntie said, especially Gervase."

"Stuff! I say, Nell, tell me what those peaks are called?"

"Of course you have heard about Paul and Alice Lingard?"

"Heard what?" he asked abruptly, facing about with a defiant gaze.

"It's not given out yet, I believe," replied Eleanor tranquilly, not unwilling to tantalize her brother now that she had succeeded in interesting him, "but of course, as Harriet says (for fifteen, I must say, Harrie is very observant), nobody with half an eye can doubt what is going to happen. Paul was like her shadow the whole time, and when a girl accepts presents from a man——"

"Do you mean to say," Edward asked with slow and distinct utterance, "that Paul is engaged to Miss Lingard?"

"Didn't I say it is not given out? But Auntie already makes plans for herself, and decides not to live at Gledesworth, with Alice. Not that they don't get on well, for Alice is like a daughter to her, Harrie says. Everybody thinks it a great lift for Miss Alice. I never much admired her myself. I believe she has an awful temper. You saw her, of course?"

"Of course. I was there in the spring," he replied absently, and turned his face away to study the splendid vision of the far-spreading mountains before him. Stern and awful those couched giants looked now, lying so still in their snowy beauty; the pitiless purity of the lonely ice peaks struck chill to his very soul. Why had he come? Would it not be better now, after escorting Eleanor on her way to join her aunt, just to leave

her and go back? It was too great an advantage for Paul to be near Alice all those months; what else could have been expected? Naturally he would die out of her memory, however strong the impression made in those few blissful days at Arden might have been. It was hard and bitter, but the only thing was to face it like a man. Yes, he would go in and join the party as before proposed, and see Alice once more—there was no fear that he should trouble her peace, appearing thus at the eleventh hour. All the circumstances, which at the time had seemed so strong in confirming the hope that she returned his feelings—airy inessential things, as they were, tones, glances, the turn of a head, the quiver of a lip, the faltering of an even step—faded into nothingness now; probably she had never even guessed at his own devotion; so much the better.

"So that is the Jungfrau," he said at last, in response to Eleanor's long catalogue of summits and ranges. "No? Oh! you mean that? Yes. Very fine. Yes." There were tears in his eyes when his sister looked at him, and his face was quite pale; which signs she set down to emotion at the first glimpse of Alpine splendour.

"When was Harrie at Medington?" he asked suddenly.

"Just now. She left in time for Auntie to start. She was awfully sorry to go; she wanted to see things come to a crisis. I am to watch progress and describe the *dénouement*."

"Are you? Well! don't begin match-making yet awhile, for pity's sake. When were postage-stamps invented? What was Nero's leading virtue? Upon what principle were Greek armies raised? Who first used hair-pins, and why? I hope you know something besides how to chatter French, Miss, since your education is finished."

It was growing dusk when they reached Neufchâtel. The lights were beginning to twinkle out in the streets and to double themselves in the clear and waveless lake, and, as they gradually drew nearer to the hotel whither they were bound, the memories of the few days Edward had passed with Alice became more imperative; he especially felt the power of those moments during which they had strolled alone together to the little inn upon the downs, and it seemed to him that what had then passed between them, unspoken though it was, could never be erased from either life, whatever spell Paul's passionate wooing might since then have cast upon her. The first glance in her face, when they met, would tell him all, he thought, and his pulse quickened,

and a subtle warmth quivered all through him, as he saw to the piling of his sister's luggage on the omnibus, while the moments fled which were to bring him face to face with Alice.

"Let us walk on, Nellie," he said at last, rebelling against the slowness with which the loading of the omnibus went on, and he led her along the streets at a pace which took her breath away, downhill though the path was, and did not stop till they found themselves in the broad hall of the hotel, enquiring for Mrs. Annesley's apartments. Two ladies were in the shadowy unlighted room; one was Mrs. Annesley, who rose with her accustomed stateliness and folded Eleanor in her arms with a welcoming kiss, and then received Edward more coldly, and formally thanked him for escorting his sister from school, intimating that Paul could have done it equally well, and politely conveying to him the impression, which was but too correct, that he had much better have remained in England.

"But, my dear aunt," he replied, revolting against this cool reception, "I had intended from the very first to be one of the Swiss party, if you remember. We arranged it all in the spring, and I only delayed joining you because my leave could not conveniently begin before."

"We have heard so little of you since the spring, Edward," she replied icily, "that it was not unnatural to suppose you had thought better of your intention."

These words he felt were a prophecy of what Alice must have been saying in her heart, if indeed she had ever given him a thought, and he turned to the other lady, from addressing whom a strong shyness had held him, and who, though she had risen, yet remained in the deep shadow of a recess by the window; looking her for the first time full in the face, he met the dark sweet gaze of Sibyl, whereupon his own eyes fell and his shyness with it, and he shook hands with her with a cordial greeting and unembarrassed smile.

"Do say you are glad to see me, Miss Rickman," he said; "my aunt has so cruelly crushed me that I require some comfort from somebody."

"I am glad to see you, though surprised, pleasantly surprised," she replied with loyal simplicity, and as she spoke Edward suddenly and unaccountably began to think of Viola, when she held that memorable conversation with the Duke, "I am all the daughters of my father's house, and yet I know not——"

What connection could there be between Viola and Sibyl?

yet ever after he could not think of Viola unless associated with Sibyl.

"And I know somebody else will be pleasantly surprised to see you," she added, with a gentle smile, and then his heart began to beat again, and he listened for the beloved name. "Perhaps you do not know," she added, guilelessly, "what a liking Gervase has for you."

"Gervase! oh, Gervase!" he echoed, disenchanted; "So your brother is here? That is all right. He was afraid, I remember, he would not be able to leave his business."

"Gervase always contrives to get his way somehow, business or no business," she replied. "But here he is to speak for himself."

And Gervase came in and received him with the greatest cordiality, though he too expressed surprise at his appearance. "Your telegram to Paul gave us all a pleasing shock," he said. "Paul turned quite pale with pleasure," he added, laughing, and unconsumed by the fiery glance which Mrs. Annesley's blue eyes darted at him.

"And where *is* Paul?" asked Edward, whose eyes kept turning expectantly to the door, and whom some unaccountable feeling held from enquiring for the one object of his solicitude.

"Ah! where is Annesley, by the way?" echoed Gervase, turning to the ladies with an indifferent air.

"I think," replied Mrs. Annesley, "that they went on the lake together, dear children! It is getting late for them."

"Who are *they*?" Edward asked, with unaccustomed roughness.

"Do not ask too many questions, you tiresome fellow, never call attention to these things. I must leave you now," she replied. "Come, Nellie, child, you will scarcely be ready in time for dinner;" and Mrs. Annesley swept from the room like some majestic frigate of old days, with her niece in her train as a little gun-boat; while Sibyl followed at some distance, with a look towards Edward which he was too irate to perceive, but which meant, "I should like to tell you all about it and relieve you from causeless fears."

"Look here, Rickman," cried Edward, turning round and facing him with a glance so flaming that Gervase was obliged to meet it. "Tell me the truth, will you? Is Paul engaged to Miss Lingard or not?"

"No—" was the word surprised from him by this unexpected



assault? "Ah! that is—I mean—— You heard what your aunt said, 'These things are better not talked about.' To call attention to them often spoils them. Things, you see, are just now in a most delicate stage. There is no doubt whatever about the issue of it; but the engagement is not yet announced, that's all. You've dropped upon us at an awkward moment, you see, and your aunt is not overcome with rapture at the sight of you—an outsider makes a certain disturbance—precipitates matters. I fancy they would like to prolong the present undecided state—to proclaim the engagement would draw attention to themselves, which, of course, is a frightful bore."

"Then the sooner the engagement is proclaimed the better," cried Edward, grimly. "My aunt should be more careful of a young lady committed to her charge. I should never permit anything of the kind in the case of my sisters."

"Nor should I, Annesley, to be quite frank," returned Rickman, becoming suddenly confidential. "I have but one sister, but I should be extremely sorry for the man who ventured to pay marked attentions to her without coming to the point—very sorry for him," he added, with a grim pleasantry that was lost upon his hearer. "But, you see, Miss Lingard is not your sister or mine either, and Mrs. Annesley is not under our charge, and Switzerland ranks next to our own beloved and befogged island as a free country. Have you found your room yet? I hear it is next to mine, and has a splendid outlook over the lake."

Edward followed him, vexed at his momentary loss of self-control, and after taking possession of his apartment and finding there were some moments to be filled yet before the hour of *table d'hôte*, strolled out by the waterside with Rickman.

The glorious autumn sunset had silently consumed itself, the rich colours were all calmed down into a tender primrose glow in the west, and the pensive twilight was dreaming with ever-deepening intensity upon the bosom of the clear dark waters. Lights from the town looked, half-ashamed of their own insignificance, into the pure lake-depths, one or two pale stars gazed steadfastly into the deep heart of the waters, boats glided silent and ghost-like over the still surface, voices came softened through the quieting evening, the noises of the town blended murmuringly, the majestic peace of the mountains brooded over all. The tumult in Edward's warm young heart quieted beneath these sweet calm influences, some feeling of the nothingness of

human emotion in the presence of the Infinite came upon him, and he felt that he could meet Alice and part with her with becoming calm, even cheerfulness, and clasp Paul's hand with brotherly warmth in congratulating him. "Dear old Paul! Heaven bless him!" he said within himself, as he watched a boat containing two figures glide noiselessly towards the tiny quay in the hotel grounds.

An attendant caught the painter and moored the dim bark to the landing; the oarsman leapt to land, and turning, handed a second figure, a lady's, out of the boat. Then the two walked arm-in-arm with slow lingering steps towards the terrace-wall, over which Edward and Gervase were leaning, and passed along beneath them. There is a certain manner of walking, a kind of pensive pausing upon every step as if to linger out the pleasure of it, with a certain inclination of the taller head to that beneath it, accompanied by a low and liquid intonation of the voice, which Edward had always been pleased to consider as proper to lovers, and lovers only, and such, he assured himself, these two people undoubtedly were.

The lingering step bore them just before and beneath the wall on which he leant, and a shaft of hot and piercing pain shot through his breast, as in the nearest face he recognized Paul's, transfigured by feeling, and knew that the graceful figure at his side must be that of Alice. There was no need for Rickman to draw him aside with an observation to the effect that they had better not disturb the *tête-à-tête*. He shrank at once into the shadow and let them pass well out of sight, and then returned silently to the lighted hotel.

"Well! I don't think any one can spoil sport after that, Annesley," Rickman said lightly, with a quick gaze in Edward's face, which was composed but rather grim. "Now is Sibyl's time, if she only knew it," he thought; "his heart is soft with pain and ready for fresh impressions." And, although people were already going in to dinner, he found time to whisper to Sibyl to take pity on the new arrival and make him as welcome as possible, because the rest of the party were inclined to leave him out in the cold, and by his arrangement Edward's chair was placed next Sibyl's.

The soup was nearly finished by the time Paul entered. He did not shake hands with Edward, his seat being on the opposite side of the table, but merely nodded a welcome to him, hoped he had not found it too hot in the train, and addressed

some cousinly and affectionate words to Eleanor, who stood a little in awe of her exalted kinsman. Mrs. Annesley was in her most seraphic mood and said pleasant things to everybody. Sibyl tried to obey her brother's behest with regard to Edward, who was quite ready to respond to her gentle advances. The little party was most pleasant and friendly. But every time the door opened, there was a simultaneous, though almost imperceptible movement of Edward's head, and a subsequent look of disappointment on his face; the soup he swallowed might have been ink, for all he knew or cared; the soup was removed, and still Alice did not appear, and no one seemed disturbed about it.

"But where is Miss Lingard?" he asked at last.

"Dear Alice is a little upset. She was out rather too long, I think," Mrs. Annesley replied, with an air of mystery; "she will be quite restored to-morrow, no doubt."

Then Sibyl explained to him that Alice had over-tired herself in a mountain excursion which she had recently made with some friends who were staying at a village a few miles away, along the lake shore. Further, that Mrs. Annesley had intended to drive to meet her, but had been prevented, and that Paul had gone instead, but in a boat; that he had lost an oar and thus been delayed. The end of the history was Alice was so completely knocked up that but for Paul's arm she could not have walked from the boat to the hotel.

"I didn't go up the mountains myself for the sunrise," she added, "because I was not feeling equal to such a tiring walk; but Alice is always perfectly well, and people never expect her to be over-tired. It was a good thing Mr. Annesley was with her, because he knew exactly how to treat her when she fainted."

"Did he, indeed?" responded Edward. And over a succession of pipes he pondered much that night upon the sunrise excursion.

*(To be continued.)*



## The Late Dean Burgon.



FOR many persons the racy individuality of the late Dean Burgon greatly obscured the perception of his gifts and graces. It has been truly said that of all his contemporaries at Oxford he was the man who most struck the imagination, and set his own personal impress on the minds of those around him. His tall, picturesque figure, somewhat monastic and mediæval; his quaint, playful, learned talk; his twinkling eye; his forcible exaggerated phraseology, charmed and interested in an extraordinary degree. Men saw that he was most original, most impulsive, but it required some time and knowledge before they appreciated the fact that, in his own department of sacred literature, he was perhaps one of the greatest scholars that England had possessed for centuries; a man of many accomplishments, and of a vigorous, fertile intellect, learned in many provinces of mind; above all, that there was with all his oddity and eccentricity a spiritual and ethical beauty of soul which mainly constituted the great personal attraction which he exercised. When he appeared before the Fellows of Oriel on the occasion of his own election to a Fellowship, one of the electing Fellows remarked, "You may depend upon it, that man is the son of a Greek." It was a very good shot, as Oxford men would say. His father, an English merchant at Smyrna, had married the daughter of a Greek, and the granddaughter of an Austrian. This strain of foreign blood gave a foreign look to his appearance, and had probably also a distinct trace in his character. The date of his birth was never really quite fixed. He used to say that he knew he was born before the battle of Waterloo.

There are several points of unique interest in his personal history. He was altogether unlike the mass of undergraduates. He came up to Oxford at a time when most men were leaving it. His father had become engaged in work in the Coin

department of the British Museum, residing close at hand in Brunswick Square. Before he matriculated he had written a work in two volumes, a 'Life of Gresham' evidencing a remarkable power of literary and historical research. In a later work, 'The Life of Patrick Fraser Tytler,' he gives us a great insight into his own character and early days. He lets us see the intensity of his own friendship and affections. He is delighted when Sir Robert Peel puts his friend on the pension list, and when Tytler is invited to Windsor Castle and the Queen commands him to prolong his stay. A happy business failure, for such in the long run it proved, caused him to give up mercantile pursuits and come, a poor student, to Oxford. He became a member of Worcester College, a foundation for which he always entertained a profound regard and affection. Among the undergraduates of his time he was almost an apparition. His tall, gaunt, elderly grotesque form, frequently armed with a gingham umbrella, did not fail to create a measure of amusement and speculation. His history rather resembled that of Frederick Denison Maurice, who came up late to Oxford after he had had a considerable experience of authorship. The Fellowship at Oriel which Burgon gained was in those days perhaps the highest literary distinction which the University could offer, and gave him rank among men. Mark Pattison, in his *Memoirs*, says that he was elected Fellow in preference to Mr. Goldwin Smith. This is true; but the preference was not due to any superiority in learning and ability, but because the statutes of the Founder required that, other things being equal, the preference should be given to those who belonged to the class of *indigentes*. Accordingly he was enrolled among the Fellows, whom Provost Hawkins used to call "the Trumpeters," because each Fellow was supposed to be much given to trumpeting the praises of every other Fellow—a kind of Mutual Admiration Society.

Over the junior Fellows, dons though they were, Provost Hawkins was supposed to exercise an awful superiority. A curious instance of this happened to our young Fellow. One afternoon a man named King suddenly fell dead on the steps leading up to the hall of the College. Burgon saw the Provost, and naturally rushed up to him to give the dreadful intelligence. The Provost, instead of manifesting the slightest emotion, calmly replied: "Mr. Burgon, I must request that before addressing yourself to me you will put on your academical attire." The young Fellow became inured to the Provost, and



after a time they became very good friends. He appreciated and enjoyed his position. It was true of him, as of John Henry Newman, as Newman tells, that being Fellow, he came out of his shell and looked about him. The late period at which he came up to Oxford was in some respect a positive advantage to him. In most respects Oxford is very formative in moulding the tastes and opinions of her sons. They are themselves most plastic material for development in any special direction in which they find themselves. Burgon set himself at once to work in moulding the tastes and opinions of other people. He was already a man of matured mind and fixed opinions. When he came up to Oxford, the place was seething with the conflict of religious and political forces. He was not carried away by the swift emotions of the time. He surveyed the field of action and deliberately made his choice. He was a High Churchman and a High Tory, both in the old-fashioned sense, and he would as soon have thought of questioning his own existence—which various philosophers, however, have done—as questioning the principles of his Toryism and Churchmanship, which were essentially of the Johnsonian type. As a Churchman, he would not deflect in the slightest degree either to the right or left. Ritualism and Rationalism were equally abhorred. Theophilus Anglicanus is a name that would suit him exactly, or he would be prepared to be a second *Athanasius contra mundum*. He had seen so much of advanced Ritualistic practices that he had become somewhat intolerant in respect to them. This was shown in a characteristically amusing way. The so-called ritualistic tendency is to give the choristers short surplices. Burgon, in his dealings with choristers, insisted that they should wear them long. He never intoned, and did not seem to care about Church music. The result was that many of the "Rits" looked very askant of him, in spite of his unbending High Church attitude, his saintliness, his prolonged fasting, and his large-hearted almsgiving. It seems necessary to say thus much in defining his ecclesiastical position, and his ecclesiasticism was, after all, the one great function of his life.

He was, however, a many-sided man, and there are other aspects of his character and career to be mentioned. He had a keen appreciation of poetry, the favourite reading of his hours of relaxation, and at one time it was his great ambition to be a poet. He used to tell an absurd story, rather against himself, that when he was a young man, he once went to Stratford-

on-Avon, and managed to pass the whole night in the humble dwelling in which Shakespeare was born, on an oaken settle in the supposed room of his birth. His idea was that a sort of poetic afflatus would descend upon his soul. He awoke in a very cold and uncomfortable state, without having experienced voice or vision. When he obtained the Oxford prize poem on *Petra*, this was perhaps rather prejudicial to his chances of poetic renown. This poem is quite unlike any other prize poem in the collection. It is about double the length of any other. Instead, too, of having a few brief notes, such as appear very sparsely in such compositions, there is quite a small body of annotations. In his last years he brought together a small volume of his poetry. Some of it is very autobiographical, and is much occupied with Oxford. In somewhat Tennysonian lines he gives us reminiscences of much-beloved Worcester. He has some lines on his friend Greswell which would admirably suit himself.

"But Richard Greswell was my special friend:  
To get whose living image, see you join  
To childlike guilelessness a sage's wit,  
Truth like a woman's, bounty like a king's,  
And then you'll know the man."

Not only in poetry but in art Dean Burgon attempted something, and his attempts had some of that practical utility at which he constantly aimed. He brought out his "Pictures for Cottage Walls," which are common enough now in every direction, but in which he was a pioneer of improvements. There was nothing which he more desired than to be the means of beautifying the homes of the poor. He is said to have designed the pretty frontispiece of the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*. His eye and his hand always worked harmoniously together. He wrote letter-press work for an illustrated work on Oxford, 'Historical Notes on the Colleges of Oxford.' This book is now extremely rare; there is no copy in the Bodleian. His account of his own college, Oriel, is extremely racy. He would sometimes make copies of pictures for his friends, and gave some of them his beautiful sketches of the scenery of Palestine. He brought out a small volume about the Study of Art in the Universities, and, mindful of days at the British Museum under his father, he devotes a special chapter to the study of ancient coins.

Burgon's rooms were on the front of Oriel, the first floor on the right as you enter by the porter's lodge. They were large,

spacious rooms, not perhaps in the tidiest condition. The walls were covered with pictures, many of them being portraits of children, and the room was full of books, the Fathers especially lying about in every direction. These rooms have become famous on both sides of the Atlantic. They have a very grateful mention in the writings of several American bishops who have recorded their English experiences. He provided the hospitalities of Oxford to people far and near. It was the right thing to do, to breakfast with Burgon if you had the chance, and his invitations were on the most liberal scale. He himself was the best part of the entertainment.

It is needless to say that he was admirable company. He had wit and learning. He was intimately acquainted for many a year with the "*Fasti Oxonienses*," and could give you the characters and characteristics of all the Oxford notables of his time. He knew and enjoyed his own powers as a conversationalist, and laid himself out to exhibit them. In early days he had known Wordsworth, Quillinan and De Quincey, and could always talk well about the Lake poets. He was full of art, anecdote, and archæology. His stories were always best in the peculiar setting that belonged to him. During term time, especially the summer term, his days were very much cut up. He would go to the Union in the morning, where his tall odd figure was one of the landmarks of the place, and look at the newspapers and reviews. Parish and University business and the many calls of society took a great deal out of him, and then he would work away for hours deep into the night.

He was a man full of intense affection. Like John Keble, who was also a childless man, he was especially fond of little children. Such a book as the '*Lyra Innocentium*' would have come from his heart. If you met him in the High at Oxford there were generally several children clinging to him. When he went out of Oxford to take Sunday duty, the Mixbury children used to run out to meet the coach which brought him down. He was overflowing with sympathy. When trouble after trouble befell the great ducal house near which he lived, he showed intense sympathy. He was at the sick-bed of others when he ought to have been in his own sick-bed—no new thing in his experiences.

He was not one of the Oriel tutors, but he was College Bursar, and he had the office of overlooking the sermon notes of the undergraduates. In those days the undergraduates of Oriel had

to attend the University sermons, and to submit notes of those sermons to Mr. Burgon. Some of the men were very defective in their attendance. They would get the text and a few ideas from a friend, and evolve the rest from their own consciousness. On such men Mr. Burgon could be very severe. "Sir," he said to one of them, "it took me an hour to make out your detestable handwriting, and what I have read only shows me the meagreness of your understanding." He gradually established a decided influence over a great many of the Oriel undergraduates. He was very hospitable in inviting them to breakfast. There was tea for them every Sunday evening, after which he had a Bible Class for University men, to which ladies were sometimes admitted. He told me that he "kept his eye" upon them in after life. But as one Oriel man said to me, "it was all very well while you rowed in the same boat with him. If you went over to the enemy, came under the spell of Jowett, or in any way deserted the Anglican standpoint, he cooled towards you visibly, and was ready to read the Commination Service over you." The influence which he had over the Oriel men, he sought to extend, as far as he could, over the youth of the University at large. He sought to constitute himself their *Censor Morum*. He had an amusing correspondence with the Censor of Christ Church on the subject of Christ Church men having hot breakfasts on the Sunday mornings. He complained that Oxford had entirely subverted the intentions of Walter de Merton, inasmuch as two-thirds of the men were in lodgings, and no care was taken respecting the characters of the servant-maids who waited on them.

He took the living of St. Mary the Virgin when it was offered him by Oriel College, and it was one which he much desired to have. The living was hardly worth a hundred and fifty. The population was hardly three hundred. There was no house, for except the incumbent who now holds it, the Vicar has always been a resident Fellow of Oriel. There had been a very remarkable succession of men in the Vicarage of St. Mary's. There was Charles Marriott, of whom it was said that "he had a mind bigger than those of some of his remarkable contemporaries put together;" Hawkins, so long the Provost of Oriel; and C. P. Eden—from whom it is thought that Burgon derived much of his quaintness of expression and minute knowledge of the sacred truth—who for thirty-five years buried in a remote Yorkshire parish the name and fame which he had acquired in the

University. Of these three Dean Burgon has himself written memorials which will shortly be published. John Henry Newman was of course the most famous of the Vicars, and the sermons which he preached at St. Mary's have passed into the classics of the language. Dr. Chase, the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, preceded him in the Vicarage, and he preached his friend's funeral sermon in the grand old church. With a very big church and a very small parish, the difficulty was how to fill it. He addressed himself specially to the large, floating population of Oxford which owned no University or parochial tie. He was very willing, however, to extend his work beyond his own limits. Indeed one of his friends said to him one day, "Burgon, I have got an epitaph for you." "What is it?" was the enquiry. "*I have robbed other churches.*"

One of his great anxieties and difficulties related to the choir of the church. He was soon upset, like many sensitive clergymen, by any carelessness, and irreverence, even when the unconscious little urchins had meant nothing by it. Before he came, the choir used to amuse themselves by tugging at the belfry ropes, and then raced helter-skelter into the vestry to put on their surplices for service. This was put an end to. A code of rules was introduced. The two eldest choristers were called prefects. Their business in part was to exact fines for the violation of rules, which fines went to the choir cricket-club. The small boys found it much easier to incur fines than to pay them, and found themselves thirty shillings in debt. Then the Vicar invited them to his rooms, objurgated them and paid the fines out of his own pocket. He not unfrequently had the boys to his rooms, where he regaled them with cake and plum-pudding. When the morning of Good Friday arrived, he solemnly presented them with hot-cross buns in the vestry. There was one ill-conditioned boy who gave much trouble, and was detected ringing the porter's bell at Oriel College and running away. Him did the Vicar formally expel one day, and, *admoto pede*, accelerated his departure from the vestry. It was for the benefit of the choir, and partly also for his girls at the Bluecoat school, that he instituted a third, an afternoon service. After the second lesson the young people were arranged in a semicircle around him, and duly questioned according to the good old style in their Catechism.

As Vicar of St. Mary's he introduced a startling innovation into his sermons, which, if generally adopted, would conduce to the variety and interest of preaching. He invited any one to



send him any enquiries they chose, and he would answer their letters on the Sunday afternoons. One afternoon he announced that he had received a letter making an enquiry whether Lot's wife was saved. "How on earth can I tell whether she was saved or not?" exclaimed the preacher. "All that I can say is that I hope she was saved." And of course his correspondent had to be satisfied with this. Once an undergraduate asked him what chance a Dissenter could have of being saved. Burgon answered that he thought his chance would be about equal to the chance that Socrates might have.

The effect of his sermons was at times very great. He took great pains with them, and never gave less than six hours to composing one of them. Some of them were certainly very odd. One of his sermons dealt with the subject of the physical peculiarities of Bible characters; why one was tall, and another short; one smooth, and another hairy; one short-sighted, and another lame. He preached a sermon on Jonah, a subject replete with the Millerisms of the pulpit, and concluded with these words: "And so Jonah was lodged in the whale's belly, where, my dear brethren, we will leave him until we meet again next Sunday." Once at St. Mary's he concluded his sermon with the words: "Be mine the blessed lot to live the life of a Taylor, and to die the death of a Bull." Many of his poorer hearers must have gone away meditating what was the blessed lot of a tailor, and why he should desire the peculiar demise of a bull. He had very strong opinions against the "unsexing" of women, as he called their competition with men for intellectual distinction and preached on the subject. "Did it ever strike you," he said, addressing an imaginary young lady, "that you are taking the way to make yourself a very disagreeable young person?" When he was away from St. Mary's the congregation collapsed. He took great interest in the poor servant-girls of the parish. He knew the time when they would be doing their early work of washing down the steps of houses, and would sally forth to enter into conversation with them. He would try to learn something of their history, speak to them on good subjects, and give them good advice, and leaving them some tracts, would propose to have some other talk with them on some other occasion. One day he met one of these girls whom, I believe, he had prepared for confirmation. She was wearing a very tawdry flower in her bonnet, of which he did not at all approve. He liked young people to be neat, but not tawdry. "What's

the use of your wearing that tawdry twopenny-halfpenny flower? You don't suppose that twopenny-halfpenny flower will get you a good young man for your husband?" And if I recollect aright he made the maid get rid of the flower, and gave her a little present in its place. It was not an uncommon thing to see him conveying some aged female along the streets, to whom he wished to show kindness and make acquainted with Oxford. He on several occasions had all the old women of a country parish with him, who spent the whole day at Oxford, and were hospitably entertained at his rooms.

In country districts he was extremely popular, and was eminently fitted to be a country clergyman after George Herbert's well-known pattern. In one of his best known and most useful books—one on the Pastoral Office—he has set forth his conceptions of this kind of life. He was skilled in what Pisistratus Caxton calls, "the moral typography of a parish." He discerned that every parish had its distinctive characters, and required its special treatment. This was seen at Houghton Conquest, the residence of Mr. Rose, a brother-in-law; he stayed two months each year at Turvey, Legh Richmond's old parish, where his brother-in-law, Mr. C. L. Higgins, lived at the Abbey, and when at Oxford he for a time served Mixbury. There was another parish where I have come on his tracks, at Hurstpierpoint, below the Southern downs, near Brighton. I have seen him at Hurst with my friend the late Bishop Hannington—"James," as the Dean used to call him. The Bishop makes repeated mention of him in his diaries. His religious influence coloured Hannington's whole life. Once Hannington met him at Hayward's Heath, and drove him in his father's carriage to Hurst, where he was to preach at the commencement of a mission or at a harvest festival. He was always great at a harvest festival, whether for the service at the Church or for the Harvest-home supper at the mansion.

At Oxford he took an active part in all the intellectual movements of the place, especially those affecting alterations in the University, and in all theological discussions. There were some large religious meetings in which the clergy of the University and of the city used to meet, with a very decided predominance of the former. These were very interesting meetings, when Liddon of Christ Church would commence with his effective oratory, and Bright of University would follow with his multifarious ecclesiastical learning. Burgon would make no set speech.

He would be terse, denunciatory, and somewhat expetive. One day there was a discussion on the heresies of Dr. Colenso. "His mind," said Burgon, "is as crooked as a ram's horn." It was in this emphatic and somewhat Johnsonian way that he used to speak, but he somehow failed to make much impression by his speeches in Congregation. In all the change and unrest that have pervaded Oxford for the last generation, he always had before his mind's eye certain landmarks. He specially kept in mind the cause of the poor student. He had been a poor student himself, and he realized the line, *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*. The University has admitted the order of Unattached Students into her ranks, which is very well so far as things go. But he thought that it would be better for the University, and better for the students themselves, that they should be incorporated in the colleges. If each college, he used to argue, would adopt twelve poor students by giving a measure of assistance, the whole non-collegiate body would be gathered in. The University might do it if she would apply to education the money she was squandering on buildings. There is a great deal of substantial truth and benevolence, and at the same time a characteristic touch of exaggeration, in such a sentence as the following. "A University which has recently expended at least £130,000 on the erection of new schools infinitely exceeding its actual or its prospective requirements, and since then (to its abiding disgrace) has freely voted £10,000 for the cruel purpose of vivisection—in plain terms, for the putting of live animals to torture (and that in the sacred name of 'Science,' as if in a place like Oxford the demands of Science could make such an institution tolerable)—such a body may well be expected to tax itself in order to promote what may be declared to be the main purposes of its being, namely, the stretching out of a helping hand to those who, in their penury, come suing to it for education." Dean Burgon himself particularly sympathised with the poor scholar, and was quite capable of stretching out a hand to help him. He was wonderfully kind to all poor people. In his own small parish he had only some five or six poor people, and they were not really poor. But it was not hard for him to find those whom he might benefit by aid and sympathy, and I have heard a very touching account of his unceasing kindness to a poor dying chorister, and of unbounded generosity to friends.

There was long a legend at Oxford that Burgon had married, and had lost his wife in his year at grace. Of late the statement

has been repeatedly made at Oxford, and has found its way into the public press. It is, however, entirely a mistake. It derived some support from the curious fact, that a widower presented himself for a Fellowship at one of the colleges, and it was objected to him that he was not *cælebs* according to the statutes. The supposed case of Mr. Burgon was cited in the discussion, and the Visitor, on an appeal, decided that a widower was *cælebs*. I am enabled to state in the most positive manner that Mr. Burgon was never married. He used to wear a wedding-ring on his little finger, being the wedding-ring of his deceased mother, and this slight circumstance was perhaps the basis of the unfounded rumour.

In the autumn of 1875 he found himself, to his surprise, appointed to the Deanery of Chichester. People in these days do not ask why a man receives an appointment, but *how* he gets it, and it is believed that Mr. Disraeli, in making this wise appointment, was influenced by Lord Salisbury. It was quite an undertaking to dismantle those rooms at Oriel. It was a tearing away of old ties in leaving Oxford, but he did not altogether leave it, as he returned thither from time to time. He had the great compensation of receiving his sister and his nieces at the Deanery. He succeeded a very remarkable man, Dean Hook, about whom there are as good stories as about Dean Burgon. It cannot be said that he was in as good form at the Cathedral of Chichester as at St. Mary's Oxford. He could not preach regularly, and his voice did not suit the requirements of the building. I have been told too often to doubt it, that his voice was heard with great indistinctness. This was a great disappointment to those who went to hear him. I am afraid that to the last the worthy citizens of Chichester had little comprehension of the character and attainments of their famous Dean. They understood that he did not approve of the Revised Version, and so they abstained from buying it, but the grounds of his criticism would be quite unintelligible to them. Moreover, the Dean was so very outspoken in his political views, that he gave great offence to a strong Radical minority. But most of them knew less of him than many foreigners did. In his first year at Chichester he wrote and published a letter to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, in which he asks, "Does any one in Oxford really require to be assured that I am the last man to be afraid of saying openly anything which I conceive it to be my duty to say?" What he was at

Oxford, that he was at Chichester. Gradually he was surrounded by a large circle of intimate friends, who looked up to him with warm love and reverence. The venerable Bishop of Chichester did full justice to him in his sermon at the Cathedral, with an astonishing force and beauty, which made it one of the worthiest tributes to his memory.

In ordinary times he would work hard all day. One day at Chichester he said to a friend, "I sit at my desk all day, and never leave it except for meals or to go to Church, and there are but twelve hours in the day." His correspondence must have made huge demands upon his time. No one could write a longer letter, but he could also be short and scrappy enough. But his letters were always prompt and to the point. There is a famous phrase much quoted by theological writers, *Mens naturaliter Christiana*, generally attributed to Tertullian. I was anxious on behalf of a friend of mine to verify it, and looked through Tertullian for the passage without being able to find it. I then wrote to the Dean about it. The Dean answered that Tertullian had not written it, and he thought could not have written it, for such a sentiment was opposed to his whole way of thinking. I wrote to him once, drawing attention to a parish in the diocese where a clergyman was working single-handed in the midst of a large population, and suggesting that this was a case in which a cathedral might appropriately send some assistance to strengthen a weak part of the diocese. Something of this sort might fairly be expected if a cathedral were to carry out the design of its foundation. The Dean did not at all rise to the idea. He wrote back, that if the cathedrals possessed their proper funds this might be managed, but the cathedral of Chichester had quite enough to do to maintain its own fabric and keep up its own services. These instances will show how ungrudgingly he bore the burden of a large correspondence. All this letter-writing takes what is equivalent to a day out of a man's week, and is a very serious rebate on working hours. But the Good Dean managed to find time for it all.

Dean Burgon had the wisdom and devotion of concentrating himself mainly on one line of study. He was emphatically *homo unius libri*, and that book the best of all. In a paper of this kind it would hardly be becoming to give an account or estimate of his Biblical labours, but to omit this subject altogether would be to pass over the governing characteristic of his life and mind. Even those who had scanty sympathy with his



studies have owned that his lectures on Scripture had a wonderful power and beauty of their own, and had given them an insight into treasures of which all previous reading had left them unawares. One distinguished man has told us that his Sunday evenings with Burgon had given him the highest glimpses of heaven which can be attained on earth. His monograph on the authenticity of the last chapter of St. Mark will probably be a classic in English theology, although we believe it has failed to find any recognition in Germany. The Dean had very scanty sympathy with German learning, and in one of his works he makes very merry with the names of German commentators forgetting that there are many English names that will sound as odd to German writers as German names can be to ourselves. His plain sermons and plain commentary are most exclusively used. An American Professor sent his son across the Atlantic to his funeral to mark his reverence for the author of the "Plain Commentary on the Gospel." His learning was immense, his feeling intense, his devotion absolute, but he had not that originality and profound thought that have given our great writers their enduring reputation.

In other directions he did something both in books and periodicals. His "Letters from Rome" originally appeared in part in the *Guardian*, and some are letters to his nieces. He took charge of the English Church at Rome, so long the only one, for Mr. Woodward the well-known editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*, who at last succumbed to the Roman climate. Burgon inscribed this publication to his congregation, "the most beloved flock that I ever shepherded." As a rule, he did not go much into what is called society; he did not care for it, and had no time for it. But at Rome he was in the midst of society, and they spoke of him as warmly as he could speak of them. He always liked to turn his travels to some literary account. He sent me once a MS. of his on 'The Pass of the Stelvio.' It was written very hurriedly, and required a great deal of care to make it ready for publication. It appeared anonymously and in a periodical now forgotten.

On going through the Vorarlberg country into the Tyrol, he was delighted with the frequent recurrence of the crucifix on the journey. "Wherever you turn your eye you see something of the kind, statue or painting, cross or emblem, wayside chapel or figure in a niche. I wish it were safe to put up such objects in England."

I have said how attached he was to children, and in his simple faith, his love, his unswerving obedience to law and principle, he was himself as a little child. He had all the playfulness of a child with children. He would hide a cake or sweetmeat behind his swallow tails, and there would be a scramble for them. Like other great men, he would go on all fours for their amusement. I have heard the following story on very good authority. He was going to call on a house where there were children, with whom he intended to have a romp. By a mistake he went to the wrong house. Passing in at the open door, he spied a leopard skin. It immediately occurred to him that it would be a good joke for the children if he put the leopard skin over him, went on all fours, and uttered a ferocious roar. Unfortunately, however, there were only two ladies in the room which he entered, who were as much terrified as impressed by the performance.

At Chichester there was always a group of children in Canon's Lane, who would be lying in wait for him as he came back from the Cathedral, with a hope seldom disappointed of getting a penny from him to buy lollipops, and a pat on the head. He used to keep his birthday by inviting all the work-house children for a treat to the Deanery. I believe he generally kept plenty of coppers in his pocket on purpose. Every morning regularly he fed the birds at his door. He looked on them as God's pensioners, for whom he ought to provide daily food. He had a very observant eye for their habits. There was one cunning lame jackdaw which came daily to breakfast on his bounty, and would be found just half an hour later at another friend's window, where a similar breakfast was provided. I do not wonder why birds are found that have died from gout, and are full of chalk, when they take such frequent and rapid meals.

One of his most picturesque, and at the same time unfortunate characteristics, was to be found in his temper. At times he was a perfect fury. He was perfectly natural and homogeneous. He was as rabid with his tongue as with his pen. We are disclosing no secrets, for it was a fact known of all men, and Burgon would not have been Burgon without it. "To shirk this trait in his character," said Dr. Chase in his funeral sermon, "would be cowardly, and to do so would be unfair to his memory." The odd thing is that he never in the slightest degree qualified, regretted, or retracted any of the very hard things he said. Of

his theological opponents, Dr. Chase says, he might use the words of David, "I hate them with a perfect hatred; I count them my enemies." He was quite satisfied that he did well to be angry. He astounded and startled people, but it never occurred to him that this bludgeon style of controversy is now quite out of date. He struck hard, and the harder he struck the better he was pleased. Cato's *sæva indignatio* exactly suited him. He was out of joint with the times. The '*Zeit-geist*' had no influence with him. While to his friends he was as sweet as summer, towards his opponents he was full of angularities. He was inexorable in his judgments. He had only scanty sympathy, as it seems to me, for people beyond his own range. He could not put himself in their place. He says in one of his books written against *Essays and Reviews*, that the cold shadow of unbelief had never for a moment crossed his own mind, and he could not understand the unhappy case of those who were not of his own way of thinking. He had nothing but dislike for Radicals and Dissenters. He could not understand how an Anglican clergyman could object to burying a Dissenter. For his own part, he would bury them all with the greatest pleasure. If he proclaimed himself your opponent, you had indeed to reckon with him as such. When Dean Stanley was nominated Select Preacher at Oxford, he led the opposition to him. In fact, there were very few University controversies in which he did not lead an opposition. He asked a friend of mine for his vote against Stanley, and said he would be happy to bear his expenses to Oxford, which, of course, his friend would not allow. Burgon was a man who always spoke the truth, or what seemed to him the truth, but I am not so sure that he always spoke it in love. "He is an excellent watch-dog," said one of his friends, "how furiously he barks if he sees the wolf coming!" "If my memory serves me faithfully," writes Principal Chase, "I think it will be found that what roused this fierce wrath was not error in itself, nor hostility from his adversary, pure and simple. It was the idea of traitorousness in his adversary that made the fire kindle, and at the last with pen or tongue he spoke." He had his enemies among those who did not know him, but among those who knew him he could only have opponents. He had a strong similarity to Charles Dickens' Boythorne, or Boythorne's prototype, Walter Savage Landor. He could be as tender as he was combative. "Those who knew him well," writes a Canon of Chichester to me, "were acquainted

with the strange and beautiful cross-lights in his character, and those who knew him by his controversial writings only were quite unaware of that tenderness which could not bear to give pain to an animal, and could not resist the charm of a little child."

At Chichester he must have felt himself at times in a comparatively lonely position. Chichester has perhaps more than the average sleepiness of a cathedral city. There is very little of the large intellectual life of London or Oxford. He had little opportunity for that systematic religious instruction which it had been his delight to render all his classes in Oxford. He was one, however, who, if he did not find, would be sure to make opportunities of usefulness. There is a most interesting institution a mile or two from Chichester, called Bishop Otter's College, from one of the most exemplary prelates that ever filled that ancient see. It is close, by a curious juxtaposition, to the spot where an awful murder was once perpetrated. It is now the Diocesan Training College for young ladies who are taking up teaching for their vocation in life. The present writer has repeatedly visited this pleasant abode, which stands high for its standard of education and its general efficiency. Here, on the Sunday afternoons, Dean Burgon used to come after the Cathedral service to hold one of those Bible-classes in which he especially delighted, and in which he evidenced a power and tact peculiarly his own.

In the seclusion of his nine months' annual residence at the Deanery he had abundant leisure for literary work. If the intention of Cathedral appointments is to ensure scholars a learned leisure, this was amply fulfilled in the case of Dean Burgon. He made only too good a use of his opportunities. His labours recall the memories of the great scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Erasmus and Casaubon could not have worked harder. There was, however, one line of study to which he gave special attention. So far back as a quarter of a century ago he had commenced making collections towards what was to be the great work of his life. With a view of settling the text of the New Testament, he was bringing together every sentence in which the sacred text is quoted in patristic literature. It is to be much deplored that the Dean was not spared to finish this great undertaking. There may be much doubt whether, even if the work were accomplished, it would have that final value which the learned Dean anticipated. That,

however, is a question which cannot be argued here. It is possible that, with the co-operation of other writers and adequate editorship, this great thesaurus may yet make its appearance. If not ultimately published, we may trust that it will be laid up among the treasures of the Bodleian, where it will serve as a mine or quarry of erudition to future editors and commentators.

Arising in great part from the mass of erudition which he had brought together is the prosecution of the *magnum opus* were the remarkable essays in the *Quarterly Review* on the Revision of the New Testament, brought together in the now well-known volume, the 'Revision Revised.' Perhaps there are no essays in contemporary literature that have had such a vast effect as those papers. They form a marvellous *tour de force*. Single-handed this intrepid and learned controversialist met the whole company of the revisers, and, though overcharged in some respects he seems to us victorious in the combat. To the end of his days he congratulated himself on these articles, of the justice and truth of which he was profoundly satisfied and which he felt persuaded was a good service to the Church he loved so well. It is a service which may yet bear much further fruit. So is a great step towards a revision of the Revised Version, which may ultimately result in a revision acceptable to the Church and nation.

There is yet another work on which he was intent, which will unhappily be a posthumous publication, his 'Twelve Good Men.' In those three great literary employments, the Essays, the Biographies, and the great patristic work, he laboured in his last years. Such unremitting intellectual toil is not favourable to longevity. He lived three quarters of a century, but under other conditions his days might have been further prolonged. He himself was eminently a good man. Surely in his chapter of 'Twelve Good Men,' an apostolate in its way, he himself deserved a foremost place. He did much great and good work in his time, but he himself was greater than his works; and even if these should be passed by in the progress of letters, his memory will always be one of the best traditions of his University, the Church, and the country.

F. ARNOLD.



## Foundation Stones of English Music.

---

### V.—MUSIC COMPETITIONS.

"Music is, as it were, a mistress and a disciplinarian, that makes people softer, gentler, soberer and more reasonable."—MARTIN LUTHER.

"If wise men and prophets are not out, Music has a great power over the dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions."—MILTON, *Tractate on Education*.

IN the preceding articles we have been considering the work of those giants of old who laid the Foundation Stones of English Music as it exists to-day; but as the ages roll, our own nineteenth century will in turn become the heirloom of a future cycle; and the question naturally arises, whether we are now doing our best to lay the foundations of future national music well and truly, so that those who enter into the fruit of our labours may successfully build thereon a still nobler edifice?

We do not propose to answer this question by putting before our readers an account of living musicians and their works, though we may well congratulate ourselves on the attainments of our national composers in this generation, and with such names as Sullivan, Parry, Stanford, and Goring Thomas, English music can well hold its own. We wish rather to occupy ourselves with preparations for the future, dealing chiefly with what may be of use to the general public, and pointing out some ways in which the cultivation of music may be increased, audiences be enlarged and improved, and the taste more widely diffused. At the head of the movements which produce such results, we should place Music Competitions as providing some of the most easy and feasible means of instruction. These competitions indeed seem worthy to rank among our Foundation Stones; for instruction must always be the root of healthy national development in any

direction, and, since music forms no exception to the general rule, we believe that to the question, "What are the prospects of English music in the future?" we may answer, "the very best, granted the spread of instruction in the art."

Musical contests as a means of promoting musical study are of most ancient date. In our own country we can trace them back to the 7th century, when one of the Welsh Eisteddfods was held under King Cadwaladr; it was very possibly the result of Pope Agathos having sent John the Præcentor of St. Peter's at Rome as an instructor of music for England in 660, for we are told by the Venerable Bede that he "opened schools for teaching music." The proceedings of the Eisteddfods consisted in the performances of the Bards in music and poetry, one being selected at each festival to hold the chief position. The Eisteddfods aimed also at representing a Teaching School of Music; there were degrees among the members, and only those who acquired the title of "Chief Minstrel" (Pencerdd) were allowed to be teachers. The Eisteddfods had various phases of prosperity and decline, they flourished most in the reigns of Henry VII., VIII. and Elizabeth, and in a somewhat altered form still exist, one of considerable interest having just taken place at Wrexham. As far as England is concerned, they certainly were the origin of the Music Competitions of the present day, though among the ancients, trials of skill in music had been regarded as a means of teaching, as long as we possess any record of the art.

We must now, however, pass to much more recent times, and in the rise of choral music following Hullah's movement in 1841, and its further advance consequent on the Tonic Sol-fa movement in 1850, we find the impetus which has resulted in the competitions of to-day. The first great undertaking of the sort was Mr. Willert Beale's "National Music meetings" at the Crystal Palace in 1872, which met with much success musically, but, in the end, failed financially; the honour of promoting this idea must be divided between Mr. Henry Leslie in the Welsh villages, and Mr. Curwen, the originator of the Tonic Sol-fa movement, in the Stratford festival. We are not forgetting the large choir competitions, which still take place almost annually at the Crystal Palace; but we do not now propose to deal with competitions on so large a scale as those; they consist of trials of skill among the great Choral Societies from towns, and are most useful in keeping up the standard of excellence, generally to be

found in all the choral bodies of our large towns now-a-days. Our present endeavour is to call attention to the very great musical advance to be made throughout the country, by furthering the spread of competitions among our villages; and here we must do all honour to Mr. Leslie and Mr. Curwen for their energetic and unselfish work, while remembering that very much more remains to be done in this form of musical instruction. At present, though its promoters have every reason to be satisfied with the results of the movement where it has been tried, it requires much wider diffusion throughout the country in order to utilise the enormous musical influence we feel sure it might possess. We should like to see Village Competitions as plentiful as local Agricultural Shows, and then we are fairly certain that our part-music in private and public would stand a good chance of rivalling the Elizabethan age. If every county held yearly competitions of its villages, say in the county town, worked for by choirs throughout the winter of each year, the improvement in the general musical standard of the rural population, to say nothing of that of their Churches and Chapels, would be something enormous.

Before giving a detailed account of the few places where such work is at present going on, we must allude to one point in connection with the movement which we cannot but feel to be very important, namely, *the exceeding superiority for this purpose of choral music over instrumental, and, if instrumental be admitted, of concerted over solo music*; much better work can be done by numbers than by individual performances; one helps another, and in the case of combined choirs, numbers make a work possible which would be quite out of the question for a smaller body. We can always learn something practical by turning to the highest standard, and since the greatest music of the world has undoubtedly always been its concerted music, whether vocal or instrumental, let us aim at concerted music. For villages, the vocal portion of it is the most practicable, and therefore we would strongly advise those who have influence in forming competitions to urge the practice of vocal concerted music in preference to any other. If any person should be inclined to dispute the value of concerted vocal music, let him read the account of Napoleon's coronation, when the Parisians, wishing to make a great display, filled the church with eighty harps, with which undoubtedly an extraordinary sensation was created. We are told, however, that "immediately afterwards, the Pope

entered the church, and was received with Scarlatti's mighty 'Tu es Petrus' from some thirty singers, to the utter and instantaneous annihilation of the previous effect." Thirty voices are to be found in nearly every village, and the above story may serve to show what can be done by them, and by them alone. Luther tells us that "singing is *the best* art and exercise;" it is also the most practicable and possible form of music in small places.

As far as we have been able to obtain information, the number of places where Competitions are held are sadly few compared to what they ought to be. The special places that have come under our notice as centres can easily be named here :—Oswestry, Stratford, Kendal, Eaton, and under slightly different conditions, Paisley, and Rotherham in Yorkshire. It may be necessary to say that as a rule none of these choral bodies before the commencement of the competitions even knew their notes, and that with the exception of a few helpers in each choir, they are composed entirely of the rustic population of the neighbourhoods, the nucleus being the church and chapel choir, the teacher the organist or schoolmaster. Such is the case in the villages round Oswestry, where it has often been our good fortune to hear most excellent performances from the combined choirs under Mr. Leslie's able direction. The Stratford Festival, of which we have this year's programme before us, is on a somewhat larger scale, but the same lines. We cannot do better than submit the heading of its prospectus, supplementing it with the information that though for the first few years the expenses were ahead of the receipts, latterly the scheme has been a complete success, paying its own way.

"In order to encourage the study and Practice of Music in the above districts, and to bring out local talent, a series of *Public Competitions* will be held under the auspices of the Musical Council. Prizes are offered through the kindness of the subscribers. The Stratford Musical Festival is an adaptation, with improvements, of the Welsh Eisteddfod. It has been found that there are a large number of amateur players and singers in the neighbourhood, all of whom would benefit greatly by being placed under the influence of a stimulus, and by being afforded an opportunity of comparing themselves with others. The Musical Council have undertaken the necessary arrangements for the sixth Festival, and they now invite residents to enter for competition in any branch of Music in which they as amateurs have attained proficiency. The Members of the Council are willing to supply information to intending competitors, and the Secretary will also be glad to answer enquiries. The Competitions will take place in the Stratford Town Hall, on Saturday, March 10th, and on Monday, March 12th. Certificates signed by

eminent judges will be awarded to prize-winners, and to other candidates who specially distinguish themselves in any class. The public have in past years attended in large numbers to hear the selection of music, and it is hoped that the forthcoming Festival will be as interesting and attractive to them as previously. The plan of giving a Concert by the prize-winners, which was so successful when initiated last year, will again be adopted; the date being Tuesday, March 13th. The Distribution of Prizes and Certificates will take place on the same evening."

We also add the various branches of music open for competition for which prizes are given at Stratford.

Choral Societies.  
Church and Chapel Choirs.  
Boys' and Girls' School Choirs.  
Ballad Singing (all voices).  
Vocal Duets and Quartets.  
Boys' Solos. Sight Singing.  
Musical Theory.  
Pianoforte Solos and Duets (*Senior and Junior Divisions*).

Pianoforte Scale Playing.  
Pianoforte Playing at Sight.  
Organ Playing.  
Violin Playing (*Senior and Junior Divisions*).  
String Quartets.  
Cornet Solos.  
Musical Compositions.

A slightly different scheme is the one at Paisley which has been successfully working for some six years. During that time competitions have taken place in several branches of music, prizes being given by local authorities, and certificates awarded to the number of 1085, by the Royal Academy of Music, or the Tonic Sol-Fa College.

At Kendal we return to the system of Oswestry, devoting our attention, however, to choral in preference to solo music; and here we should wish to say a word, on the subject of the choice of branches of music for competitions. We are well aware that the entrance fees (where such exist) for solo performers make that class a very important one in the financial management of competitions, but we cannot think that the object of musical education is advanced by the cultivation of solo performances, especially vocal, with the one exception of solo vocal sight-reading. As we have previously stated, choral music seems to possess advantages over instrumental, and we should further wish to narrow the musical radius of village competitions to quartette singing, choral singing, madrigal singing, and male and female voice part-music. These surely offer a sufficiently large area for study in vocal music, without bringing in the solo element, which in many ways is apt to sink the ship. We cannot feel either that the object of general musical educa-



tion is the production of soloists ; they must and will always be exceptional people, if they are to be of the first rank. The number of second-class performers, especially in vocal music, calling themselves artists is one of the musical curses of the present day ; to add to their ranks does not appear to be the object of Music Competitions. Solo singing also causes difficulties to arise, and unwillingness to join in the other branches of vocal practice which are of very much more importance.

At Eaton, the next centre on our list, under the auspices of the Duke of Westminster, a most admirable musical movement in the surrounding villages has been inaugurated for four years with excellent results. The following brief extract from an account of the choir's second performance, contributed to the *Musical Times* by the present writer, shows the system adopted at Eaton.

"It would be hardly possible to witness a more creditable result of a few years' training of village material than that which took place under the Duke of Westminster's auspices, at Eaton, on the 11th ult. The choirs were drawn from the five neighbouring villages on the Duke's estates, Aldford, Eaton, Eccleston, Handbridge and Pulford. Every pupil is taught to read music either by the old notation or the tonic sol-fa system, and singing by ear is entirely discouraged. Each place possesses its own teacher or sub-choirmaster, and the whole association is superintended by Mr. H. J. Timothy, the Eaton organist, to whom much praise is due for the admirable energy and ability he has devoted to the movement.

"The choirs, divided into senior and junior, compete for diplomas and banners of honour, and there is also a diploma of honour for quartette singing. Mr. Leslie, who adjudicated, in the course of a few remarks before communicating his decisions, laid special stress on the importance of the training of the junior choirs ; and we cannot but feel that in the instruction given in sight reading to the village children, lie the strength and possibilities of future greatness for the movement."

This is probably the simplest way in which the choirs in village districts can be got together, when it is possible, and its effect was seen the following year in a performance of Handel's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, which would have reflected credit on any choral society.

Among the miners of Rotherham and its neighbouring villages most excellent choral work is in progress, the villages studying separately under their sub-conductors, and finally uniting for a combined performance. The organization at Rotherham, though in many respects founded on the same plan as those already mentioned, does not embrace competition among the choirs, and

may therefore be thought to have no right to a place here ; it is, however, useful to know that the same class of educational music can be carried on even without competition, and for this reason it is included in our list ; though personally we believe competition to be a most useful stimulus in the village choir movement.

Let us now describe the exact working of a competition from personal experiences in the villages of Westmoreland and Lancashire, with Kendal as a centre, and review the results after the third year's performance, in the hope that the simplicity of the organization may tempt other districts to make the same effort, since little is required to ensure success but energy and enthusiasm in the promoters.

The first essentials in constructing the machinery of a competition we take to be a conductor, under whom all the sub-conductors will work willingly, and a secretary equal to the task of undertaking the brunt of the work, which will inevitably fall upon him or her throughout the year. In October or the beginning of November a prospectus for the following year's work should be sent out. For a commencement it may consist of four classes : namely, Class I., Male voices ; Class II., Junior Choirs ; Class III., Senior Choirs ; Class IV., Sight Reading. The number allowed in each class is a matter for the conductor to decide. In addition to the pieces for study under these heads, a certain number must be chosen *not* for competition, and a valuable rule is, that unless they are learnt, the choir cannot enter for competitions. These pieces, studied separately but performed by the united choirs, will form part of an evening concert after the competition, on which the necessary funds entirely depend. The idea is that the choirs should work at the various pieces throughout the winter, and the most successful ones generally do. As soon as the prospectus is out, comes another part of the secretary's business—to go round among the villages and induce them to enter. In some cases he has to suggest or find the sub-conductors, to persuade the neighbouring gentry to give the music, or in other cases to attend the choir meetings, and this part of the work has to go on more or less until a number of choirs are successfully started. From that point much less effort is required ; we have never found a choir thoroughly embarked on the work whose members did not confess at the end that they had derived both pleasure and profit from their study ; our failures have only been in

cases where personal motives were much stronger than musical ambition.

The study of the music should continue until about Easter, when the competition and concert take place, the entries being sent in a month previously. A fortnight beforehand the general conductor must go from village to village, rehearsing carefully all the pieces which the choirs will perform when united. Upon these rehearsals, and the teaching they show, the whole success of the performance depends, as, owing to endless practical difficulties, one united rehearsal is all we have been able to attain. We began with simple part songs, and in our third year have been able to give a performance of Bach's Cantata, "O Light Everlasting," which was commented on in the following terms by Mr. McNaught, Assistant-Inspector of Music in the Education Department, in his speech to the choirs. This gentleman has had so much experience in educational music, that his testimony is valuable as encouragement to other choral bodies to join the movement. "The work of the choirs," he said, "was altogether above unfavourable criticism. I am simply astounded at the way in which they have sung the choruses this evening. That such results could be produced with one combined rehearsal is simply marvellous." The entire credit of this, with the material in hand, must lie with the sub-conductors, whose admirable work and unremitting attention during the winter alone can render such a performance possible. In selecting them, the choice should fall on the organist, schoolmasters, or other teachers, whose life's work, independent of this particular interest, has settled them in their respective villages, while many of them are possessed of real enthusiasm for music.

It will be found almost essential to success that the work of the sub-conductors should be a labour of love; hence occasional difficulty in their selection. Each village, according to our experience, can barely pay for its music, a room to practise in, and the hire of an instrument as assistance; to pay a teacher in addition would be impossible; for him to be paid from the general fund would occasion further difficulty (sufficiently great as it is) in covering expenses. However, much of the best musical work of the world has been done for pure love of it, apart from gain; Mendelssohn was independent of profit from music as a profession, and Chopin was called by many persons in his lifetime, "the inspired amateur"! They gave their lives to the art they loved just as earnestly as if they had been

winning their daily bread ; and in a smaller degree we, too, are happy to have found among teachers of these Choirs many who are animated with the same enthusiasm for the art, of which it has been said :—

“ Music, the greatest good that mortals know,  
And all of heaven we have below.”

The teacher found and the work established, all should and generally does go smoothly on, until the time of competition. Unless the entries are very numerous, the competition need not begin till one o'clock, ending about 4.30 ; then comes the grand rehearsal for the evening, followed later by the concert.

Throughout the summer months it is much best to let the thing drop entirely ; outdoor occupations take the place of music, and it is better kept as a study and recreation for winter time. Our numbers commenced with four entries for a quartette prize ; the chorus at our last performance comprised over two hundred and fifty members, having gradually increased during the three years. We cannot too strongly accentuate the fact that the material, with very few exceptions, was furnished by the general residents to be found in every village, the population in these North-country dales being of an emphatically rustic character. We have managed to keep clear of debt, but it cannot be expected that competitions will ever be money-making concerns ; still, we have paid our way, and at the present moment have a balance of ten pounds with which to commence the next year's work.

There are many to whom this simple workable plan of a Village Choir Competition, on lines experience has proved successful, may not suggest anything new ; but if among the numerous places where this movement does not exist, some should be induced to make trial of it, our object will have been attained. Now is the commencement of the Competition year, so to speak ; now we have before us the long winter evenings and the possibility of occupying them worthily ; would that we could persuade a few more English villages to unite together to “sing with the understanding.”

Turning to the difficulties to be encountered in connection with the scheme, first and foremost, as always, is the money question. Even the payment for the music has been found a heavy burden in some instances ; but surely most villages possess some one who would come to their aid, and help in this matter, as has invariably been the case with us. The music

mostly comes to about eighteen pence or two shillings a head ; a good deal to expect from working people, but not much for the resident gentry, if only they can be got to take an interest in the undertaking. Among other difficulties come the struggles with jealousy among the members of various choirs themselves. So long as we are human that is not likely to cease, and for this reason some people have objected, with a certain degree of right on their side, to the affair being made a matter of competition at all ; but without it there seems little possibility either of awakening interest, or keeping up the necessary standard of excellence, and much may be done by those in authority in each place to prevent any serious differences arising. If only each choir could remember that the object of the movement is *excellence for its own sake*, not for the sake of beating some one else, all would be well ; however, one must not expect any undertaking to be without complications and difficulties. We have found them few enough in comparison with the satisfaction and pleasure realized.

One of the most difficult things in which to obtain entries for competitions has been found to be the class comprising sight-reading. The root of success in choral music being undoubtedly the art of reading well at sight, its importance cannot be too highly estimated. Various causes contribute to the unwillingness in question, but we would most strongly urge that the endeavour to obtain sight-reading entries be persevered in,—nay, made a salient feature of the competition ; for once accomplish this step in music, and all other difficulties fly. We do most heartily wish that singing at sight in our national schools was made compulsory by Government instead of optional ; then, instead of wasting teachers' and pupils' time over that abominable form of instruction called "singing by ear" (when the right description of it would be singing *without* ear), there might be some chance of the rudiments of music being properly laid.

A further difficulty in gathering together a choral body in small places comes from the fact that its natural nucleus being the Church choir, religious differences occasionally come in, and members of the Chapel won't sing with the Church, while the Church choir thinks itself quite equal to support matters without external assistance. Mr. Curwen, in his interesting paper on "The Progress of Popular Music," tell us that "our weak point is our sectional cleavages. On the continent, choral societies



are but rarely connected with any particular Church. Neighbours unite in them without regard to differences of faith. Here, however, we are so terribly in earnest over our religion and our politics, that the dividing line is felt in music." This is especially true of small places, and it will always have to be a point carefully watched by village conductors. As long as there is an established Church, its choir forms the natural nucleus to build upon in music, and its improvement is one very valuable result of the study preceding competitions. But thorough success will never be attained until all such differences of feeling can be entirely sunk in common musical enthusiasm. Religion and religious differences seem often confused terms, and if the latter can be subdued in France and Germany, why can we not do the same in England? The reverse state of affairs will always be an enormous drawback to musical advancement, and surely all whose opinions differ, might mutually take as their motto those beautiful lines of Waller—

"For all we know  
Of what the blessed do above,  
Is that they sing, and that they love."

It is quite impossible to pass over in connection with educational music, and indeed it would be far from our wish to do so, the immense work and influence among the general population of the Tonic Sol-fa method and movement, now some thirty years old. The method practised by its supporters most assuredly enables the uneducated person to learn to read music in about half the time that the old notation did. Nothing can compete with its success in spreading the elements of musical skill; it appeals to the uneducated in a way difficult, perhaps, for supporters of the old notation to understand; but its right to a foremost position is undoubted, and we would most unhesitatingly recommend its adoption by conductors, wherever they have to begin at the very beginning in forming a choral body. The fifth annual Tonic Sol-fa Festival that took place this year at the Crystal Palace showed the large numbers and wonderful excellence attained by the system; there are in addition numerous Temperance Choirs whose fête and contest also takes place at the Crystal Palace, all tending to show how enormously throughout the

"United Kingdom the system is used for popular purposes. The choirs of children that sing at Exeter Hall every spring all use it. We refer to such

institutions as Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Ragged School Union, the Homes for Destitute Children, &c. It is used in the Foundry Boys' Mission at Glasgow, where 11,000 lads of the lowest class are brought under Christian influence, in Mr. Müller's Orphanage at Bristol, in Miss Weston's Soldiers' Home at Portsmouth, and many similar institutions. In Scotland the spread of the system has been very wide. Some time since the number of children and adults learning the system at Dundee equalled one-tenth of the entire population of the town. The Church of Scotland is said to sell ten Sol-fa copies of its Tune Book for one in the Staff notation, and the other churches, it is believed, have a similar experience. The Crystal Palace is the annual scene of many large choral concerts. The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, the Church of England Sunday School Institute, the Good Templar's Choral Union, the London Sunday School Choir—indeed, all the societies giving concerts on the Handel orchestra find that the majority of their singers are Tonic Sol-faists. These societies, be it noted, have no interest in propagating the system; they merely accept the singers that come within reach of their organization. Among the mining population of Wales choral music is greatly cultivated, the interest in it being kept at a high pitch by the competitions or *Eisteddfodau*. One of the judges at a recent national Eisteddfod declares that two-thirds of the singers were Sol-faists, and a Welsh publisher of Sunday School and other popular vocal music is reported to have said that he sells six copies in Tonic Sol-fa to one in the old notation.

"In elementary schools the use of the system is no less extensive. In 1869 it was accepted by the Lords of Council on terms of equality with the Staff notation, having at that time, to quote the words of their Lordships, 'been adopted upon a sufficient scale to justify official recognition.' The last return of the Department for the United Kingdom (c. 2510-11) shows that the number of schools using Tonic Sol-fa is 3756, while the combined number of those using all other systems is only 1351. In the Education Blue Books of the past few years twenty-three of H.M. Inspectors have borne testimony to the value of the system in producing good singing and in disseminating musical knowledge in the schools of their districts. The School Boards in whose schools the system is in use include those of London, Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, Sheffield, Dundee, Leeds, Huddersfield, Inverness, Aberdeen, Leicester, Paisley, Greenock, &c. Most of these Boards have appointed visiting inspectors, to see that the system is properly taught."—*Social Notes*.

The supporters of the Tonic Sol-fa are by no means hostile to the old notation, they are aware that their system can never supersede it, but they assert that for ordinary teaching among the masses it requires an introduction, which they have every right to believe their own system supplies.

Passing to the social value of the study of music, it appears to us that there can be no easier or more enjoyable form of recreation for the inhabitants of a climate which makes out-of-door amusements only possible for about three months in each year. Unlike other artistic work, numbers may join together in music,

and prove its strength. "Music fulfils its most attractive and beneficent mission when the masses of the people enjoy it as a recreation and a solace," and most certainly the whole secret of musical progress consists in making the people sing and play *themselves*, in their homes, village schoolrooms or clubs. We all enjoy most what we can take our own part in, and it is because choral music may include any number that its social side is so immensely valuable. There is no want of love of it among our rural population, all that is required to utilise the bent is instruction; to obtain instruction all that is required is enthusiasm. In the routine work of life no doubt enthusiasm is the first quality to suffer, and the 19th century is certainly not the century of its cultivation; notwithstanding it does exist, and can command success, even with failure staring it in the face. To the kindly care of enthusiasts, then, we commend the educational part of music; it will be long e'er the art will owe its advancement to any cut-and-dried official exertions, but a simple form of teaching is within the reach of each one of us, a simple organization such as we have endeavoured to describe can utilise that teaching to really grand results. It may be asked, why should we do this? is it worth while? It appears to us fully worth while; for there does actually exist in every village a certain musical propensity, which at present exhausts itself every winter in terrible Penny-reading Christy-minstrel performances; every endeavour to direct this propensity aright, to raise the music that is already there to the highest standard attainable, deserves our heartiest support. If there was no musical movement among our people, it might be another matter; but as there is, let us leave no stone unturned to elevate it.

Music is possessed of a strange power to them that love her, an elevating, somewhat awing influence gathers round her; the love of a lifetime is not good enough for her, the enthusiasm of a life's work a very small tribute to her.

'No one can dream whence harmonies descend,  
Or how their spirit with our own can blend—

Hence Music proves a sacred thing,  
A power no mortal words can tell;  
A heaven of sound it seems to bring  
On earth awhile to float and dwell;  
A breaking forth of melodies above,  
A speech of Seraphim, on lips of Love!"

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

## A Word on Church Work and Progress.



THE Church Congress proposes to discuss, before an audience of working-men assembled in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, "Hindrances to Church Work and Progress." Several dignitaries of the Church, with two laymen—whose names have become familiar on Congress programmes—and a *quondam* working-man, now no longer of the masses, will give the assembled thousands their opinions upon the subject. The audience will (unless they are very unlike the other working-men who crowd the meetings on these occasions) listen with the utmost decorum; will respond with honest fervour to the pleadings of Dr. Walsham How; will applaud to the echo when Archdeacon Farrar opens a flood of fact, statistics, and appeal upon them; will heartily cheer any other speaker who has a good sentiment or a good story to utter; and will then go home in the best of tempers with themselves.

There is one obvious defect about this otherwise admirable programme—the fact that no working-man will say a word upon the subject. Every speaker will give his own view of what the hindrances to Church Work and Progress are. If he hits the mark, well; if he does not, he may nevertheless say something worth hearing. The audience, who know more about the practical side of the question (from their standpoint) than anybody else, will listen to guesses where they could state facts. But it cannot be helped. Working-men will not join in a discussion in the orthodox congress fashion; it was tried at Wolverhampton and failed. An audience of two or three thousand working-men, with a platform of parsons in addition, is not to be faced with impunity.

One more objection to the projected arrangement is the fact that Bishops and Archdeacons may not always direct their

attention to the points which occur first of all to an artizan. Nobody, for example, can get into the confidence of working-men who do not come to Church without discovering that the parson himself is freely denounced as one of the most common hindrances. Nor is this altogether wrong. Town incumbents may be of unblemished life and undoubted piety, but wholly unqualified for influencing working-men. It is not altogether their own fault. If they wish for promotion, they must take what is offered, or lie under the stigma of having had their chance and refused it. The result perhaps comes to this, that the rather complicated system of Church patronage obtaining in England works less satisfactorily in the case of poor urban parishes than in any other instance. The middle and upper classes are very largely congregational in their church-going—if uncomfortable in one church they can flee unto another—but a poor man, unless he attends his parish Church, for the most part attends none. If only Bishops had the power to rectify the errors made by themselves and other patrons, we should less often have the working-man protesting that the parson himself is the chief hindrance to Church work. For, as a matter of fact, it is not hard for clergy, under the most trying circumstances, to gain his affection, or at least his goodwill. In a huge London parish, where one half of the people were either in destitution or living by crime and immorality, one saw a good many proofs of the readiness of the very roughest to have the parson as their friend. There you could visit alone from room to room in streets where the police go in pairs ; you could gather attentive congregations for service in common lodging-house kitchens ; in these, too, you could sit down in security and discuss knotty points of faith, well assured that public opinion would be on your side if a stranger so far forgot himself as to be offensive. But, curiously enough, their respect was entirely reserved for their own clergy. Outsiders had to be upon their guard, and it was no unusual thing for a stranger to arrive at the Rectory door with disordered countenance and empty pockets.

But for this kind of work you must have the right person. The dainty curate (he was not a University man) for whom the aroma of a room full of these good people was too much ; the Sybarite, who wished to know if there was "good society" in Bethnal Green ; the incumbent who always saw his churchwardens at the tradesmen's entrance ; the scholar who shut



himself up in his study, and only emerged when the church-bell rang; the administrator who gave his day to ordering the affairs of half-a-dozen religious and philanthropical societies, and the fag-ends of time to his parish; the valetudinarian, with a house on the East coast, who was frequently at his post on Sunday; all these might do good work in other spheres, but would assuredly have led a parish of poorer folk to set the parson down as a chief hindrance to Church progress.

Perhaps the clergy would less often be denounced if there were more of them. Under the parochial system as at present worked two clergymen cannot adequately minister to 10,000 people. The demands upon them are too many. Look, for example, at the homiletical requirements of the week. There will be four or five sermons to prepare; that means a very considerable expenditure of time. It may be true that some clergy, possessed of a fatal facility in word-spinning, walk with cheerful alacrity to the pulpit after the most casual and incomplete preparation. It may be that others—dumb without paper in the pulpit—can nevertheless reel off sentence after sentence when once the pen is between their fingers. But it may be accepted as an axiom that sermons imply a serious expenditure of time. It must not be taken for granted that an incumbent of experience will find his homiletical difficulties decrease as years go on. The contrary is more often the case. A stock of ideas, unrenewed, is soon used up, and the barrenness of the land in time becomes apparent even to its owner. Unless, therefore, he is content to repeat himself Sunday by Sunday to his own and his hearers' disgust, he must read, mark, learn, and digest with even more assiduity than in curate days. It is understood that some men evade this difficulty by a device which is not without its merits. They conceive, let us say, that they have put the whole of themselves into 600 sermons. When they have worked their way steadily through these, they cause it to be known that they would welcome a new benefice, and sometimes by exchange, sometimes by other means, they get away. The transmigratory methods of Wesleyan ministers would suit them admirably. Yet they, after all, are but the few.

To the time spent on sermon-preparation must be added that taken up by daily services and by other surplice duty—marriages, baptisms, and churchings. Here, too, is a considerable draft on the working hours of the week. Visitation of the sick

ought to be the next charge upon the incumbent's or curate's time. Then opportunity has to be found for such other visitation amongst the parishioners or the congregation as may be deemed expedient (house-to-house visitation is, unhappily, getting old-fashioned).

Yet, if this were all, the working-man might reasonably hope to see a good deal more of his clergy than he does. But then it is not. Institutes, clubs, meetings, classes, guilds, and other functions make prodigious havoc of every evening in the week, and they cannot be organized or carried on without letter-writing, account-keeping, and other things that take time. It is just possible that in the effort to justify the Church to the masses, there has been rather more organization than is good for the clergy or the parish. The mistake is upon the right side; but, if a mistake, it should be corrected at once. To multiply agencies at the cost of efficiency is but profitless activity. If everything is to be done that the outside public sometimes demand of parochial clergy, their numbers must be increased.

Nor is the system under which overcrowded districts are divided and subdivided altogether satisfactory. When a parish suffers amputation, there is, for the most part, no division of income. First comes the mission-district, with a mission-curate on the princely sum of £200 a year. In the course of time the money for a church is scraped together. The curate becomes an incumbent, but often with an income which, unless supplemented by private means, must entail upon a married man unceasing domestic anxiety. There should be an end to this reckless subdivision of parishes, with the too frequent result of inadequate incomes and clergy worn out by the *res angusta domi*. An examination of the Church in South London seems clearly to have shown that, amongst the poor, a large parish well supplied with curates prospers, where subdivision fails. Clearly, too, unless the masses are to drift farther and farther away, there must be a large increase in the number of clergy, of clergy who are willing to forego, at least for some years, all hopes of marriage, and live the common life of a Christian brotherhood. The belief that effectual aid will only come from innovations upon these lines has lately spread fast amongst Churchmen of all parties. The success of Toynbee Hall at Whitechapel, of the Oxford House at Bethnal Green, and of the College Missions in South London, must answer for much of this. High Churchmen needed no conversion; but it could not have been taken for

granted that the Bishop of Rochester and Archdeacon Farrar would have boldly declared themselves in favour of a new Church Brotherhood. It was at the instigation of Dr. Thorold that the Upper House of Canterbury Convocation in April last appointed a Committee, comprising the Bishops of London, Rochester, Peterborough, Bath and Wells, Chichester, and Southwell, to consider and report as to any new organization that might be found necessary to aid the Church in reaching the masses of the population still outside religious ministrations. The Committee might, if they chose, report in favour of such an extension of the Diaconate as would give new life to the little Bill of Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P.; but the tenor of their Lordships' discussion would lead us rather to expect some definite pronouncement in favour of a new Brotherhood. They might therefore recommend the formation of a new *τάξις*, the members of which should be bound for life by vows of celibacy and poverty; or they might indicate a preference for some more flexible organization, competent to enrol men and women, who should either give their whole time for a definite term of years, or such portions of it as the rules of the Brotherhood made it permissible to accept.

Any such innovation might be attacked in some quarters as savouring of a dangerous relapse towards the monastic system. But it may reasonably be urged that if that system has merits, the time has come for us to use them; the defects it may be possible to avoid. Everybody concedes that something must be done. The Bishop of Rochester has set his seal to the statement that "Christianity is not in possession in South London." Who would venture to say that it is really a living force, the dominant influence, in the overcrowded and vicious quarters of any great town? To proclaim it adequately there must be more—many more men. But more men under existing conditions mean more money for new incumbents and new curates. To provide the necessary funds for paying these forces on the old scale seems impossible; and thus it is that men are thrown back upon the scheme of Christian Brotherhoods, as offering the most aid at the least cost. It remains to be seen what the Committee will really suggest; in the meantime it is quite as well that Churchmen should be prepared for new and (to some) startling proposals.

But we are getting away from the working-man and his views. Pursue your enquiries, and he will very likely tell you that he

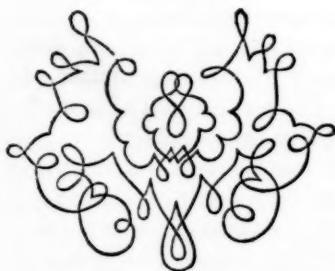
does not go to Church because he is not at home with the service. There is something, no doubt, in that ; but the difficulty can be partly met by the use of a paged Prayer-book. This difficulty is not half so hopeless as that based on the character of the sermons. It is now, apparently, being borne in upon the episcopal mind that the act of ordination does not necessarily convert a Cambridge pass-man into a competent preacher. Granted that most town incumbents have a very adequate sense of their own capabilities and the impropriety of setting curates to lecture a cultured (and pew-rent paying) congregation ; but in poorer parishes much preaching and speaking of one kind or another must fall upon the curate, however young. For this he is too often utterly unprepared. He has had no training in it ; not even, perhaps, a single hint. He is cast in to sink or swim—and he frequently sinks. That churches would be better loved by working-men if every incumbent and curate had at least modest powers of speaking in simple, straightforward language nobody can doubt. A voluble Freethinker can always win hearers ; the parson should at least be able to find his tongue without drawing a roll of manuscript from his pocket.

And now, in a manner to turn round upon our working-man, is it not just possible that he expects too much of the clergy ? Has he any conception at all as to what the organization of a poor parish means ? Take the question of funds. It is the cheerful habit of some amongst the Church's critics to assume that every incumbent is in the enjoyment of a well-paid sinecure. No thoughtful working-man believes it, of course, and the Church sometimes comes better out of an accusation of this kind than Dissent. I can remember a Nonconforming divine coming one Sunday morning in a carriage and pair to a free breakfast for homeless men. Of the two clergy present, one had been out all night distributing tickets for that meal. Here was an object lesson not hard to understand.

But apart from the question of stipends, do working-men ask themselves where the money comes from that keeps institutes, clubs, schools, mission-halls, libraries, and a dozen other organizations a-going ? It is not a pleasant thing, after a long day spent in work of one kind or another, alone, often enough under trying circumstances, to spend the early hours of the night in writing begging letters. Yet even this is not all, for, if local employers of labour are to subscribe, they must be personally canvassed. A pleasant work that, for men "lawfully called and

sent " to exercise far other functions than those of the begging-letter writer and the clerical dun ! But there can be no escape for this until, by the linking of parishes, the superabundance of the rich is made to fill up what is lacking with the poor. The straits would be less serious than they are even now if men with the money to give would be content to let some parish clergy have it, instead of sending their cheques to a new-born society, or to an undenominational personage whose piety coexists with unrivalled talent in the art of advertising. The question of funds is a very pressing one in nine poor parishes out of ten, with the obvious result that harassed men are incompetent to perform aright the first duties of their office. This is, after all, but one of a good many things that the poor might think of in judging the parson ; but the moral is that, if the two sides understood each other better, some existing difficulties might soon be smoothed away.

AUGUSTUS R. BUCKLAND.





## Quin Lough.

---

THE life of one of our regular Indian law officers must unquestionably be a desperately monotonous one. The long hot days, the breathless nights, the dust, the floods, the smells, the mosquitoes, the ants, the small tenacious British crowd, the vast obsequious, indigenous one—dusky, hostile, loathing and anathematizing the intruder and all his works in the safe security of its own native bazaars and bungalows! Even those who have never actually lived in India can faintly imagine all this; but to one who, like Judge Quin, had for twenty-seven years never for one single instant escaped its atmosphere, physical and moral, the reality must be a very serious matter indeed.

Most men—happily for the destinies of the race—grow used in time to any climate, however atrocious, in which it is their lot to find themselves immersed. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and, unfortunately for himself, Judge Quin was one of these exceptions. It always seemed to him as if he never grew one whit more reconciled, or one whit less acutely and determinately miserable, than he did upon the very first day.

This he was wont himself to ascribe to the fact of his being a native of the West of Ireland, his childish days having been spent in perhaps the wettest, certainly the stormiest spot in the whole of that rain-infested and storm-driven region of the earth. In the dead watches of the night, when the punkah-coolie was more than usually neglectful of his duties, and a fell heat, like the burning breath of Tophet, filled every hole and corner of the building, the poor Judge, lying broad awake, used to find himself haunted with strange feverish visions of his old home; the low green hills of Clare; the bogs agleam with moisture left by the mists which had just rolled seaward; the great shimmering face of the Atlantic; the wild west wind fresh after

its eight thousand miles' gallop across a world, one mouthful of which he often felt would have been cheaply purchased at the cost of a good half year of his official salary. When, therefore, the time at last came for his fetters to be struck off, and he was free to retire with what he had gained so literally by the sweat of his brow, one of the very first uses he made of his new liberty was to betake himself to the West of Ireland.

In this there was the call of duty, as well as of inclination. Judge Quin was the second son of a Sir Theobald Quin, of Castle Quin, in the county of Clare. The Macmahons and the O'Quins had for many a long year flourished and held rule in those parts, but the Macmahons were all dead or gone, scattered over the whole face of Europe, their bones having helped to whiten half the battlefields of the last century. The O'Quins or Quins, however, were always smaller and less ambitious people, and had no fancy for whitening their bones upon battlefields, consequently had stuck with commendable prudence to such chips and fragments of their original possessions as the devious and eminently fluctuating course of Irish politics had seen fit to leave to them.

During the great social upheaval which had followed the famine of 1848, it had been thought for a time that the Quins too must go down under the storm. They had weathered it, however, as they had weathered even worse ones; indeed, at the time of which I am speaking they may in one sense be said to have stood at a higher pinnacle of prosperity than they ever had done before, the present head of the house, Sir Phelim Quin, having married a great Scotch heiress, a piece of good fortune which, for some inscrutable reason, appeared to oblige him to leave Ireland, and take up his residence henceforward in one of the central counties of England.

Two of the sons of Sir Theobald Quin had thus acquitted themselves with some credit before the world. There was, however, a third, the child of a second marriage, born nearly twenty years after his brothers, whose conduct had been far from equally exemplary. This was Edgar Quin, who, after his father's death and his brothers' departure, had chosen to remain in Clare, and had finally had the inconceivable folly to marry Miss Gloriana Devitt, the pretty, and, it is needless to add, impecunious daughter of a small neighbouring squireen whose acquaintance he had made in the hunting-field.

From that moment Edgar had been to his eldest brother as a

lost soul—a branch cut off from the family tree. Theobald Quin kept up relations, however, with his erring brother, and in consequence had received numerous letters from him, in one of which he announced, with much jubilation, the purchase of an island containing a castle of the O'Quins, which castle and island his brother, Sir Phelim, had unaccountably neglected to secure, although to permit it to pass into the hands of strangers would, Edgar pointed out, be a serious if not indeed an ineffaceable stain upon the family escutcheon.

Now, to tell the truth, it did not appear to Theobald Quin, any more than it did to his elder brother, that the honour of the Quin family absolutely necessitated this purchase; long absence from Ireland having possibly blunted his sense of honour in this direction. He did not, however, oppose it, having no right to do so, nor did he even offer advice, which would certainly not have been taken, contenting himself with general maxims upon the advisability of prudence and a due regulation of one's expenditure to one's income. Whether this advice would have been taken or not, it is impossible to say. Probably not; that fine old strain of Celtic improvidence, which had so lightly visited the two elder members of the family, having descended in all its pristine purity and vigour to the third. Poor Edgar had, however, no chance of showing to what amount of self-control he was capable of attaining, since little more than four years after his marriage, and one year after the purchase of his redoubtable castle, he died, having contracted a cold in endeavouring to staunch a leak to which the base of that venerable edifice was periodically liable.

The letter which conveyed this information to Theobald Quin also conveyed a distracted appeal for help from the widow of the dead man. Not only had all Edgar's younger son's portion melted away, but he had contracted a heavy debt upon his recent purchase, and the creditor was threatening to oust the widow and orphans from that roof, which constituted now their only shelter. This letter put Judge Quin in a considerable quandary. To him, as probably to any other practical-minded man, a mediæval castle upon a barren island did not appear to be exactly the most useful appendage in the world to an impoverished family consisting of a widow and two infants in arms! For the present, however, as far as he could see, there seemed nothing to do but to assist them to remain there; Sir Phelim simply washed his hands of the whole establishment.

Mrs. Edgar Quin's own relations appeared totally devoid of means, and, not being upon the spot himself, he could not very well take in hand to discover another and a more suitable refuge. Accordingly he advanced what sums seemed necessary for the moment, and continued to advance other sums from time to time, and when, five years later, he returned from India, he at once wrote to his sister-in-law to announce his immediate arrival.

The trains by which passengers from the capital of Ireland travel to its westerly extremities are not the most luxurious in the world, and Judge Quin was glad to escape from the one in which he had been immured, and to find himself and his luggage at large upon the back of a car, skimming swiftly and buoyantly over the level road leading toward the coast.

It was nearly twenty-nine years since he had been last along that road, but it did not seem to him as if one jot or one tittle of its details had altered in all that time. The green roofs still showed the same astonishingly prolific load of vegetation, house-leeks and toadflax, snapdragons, poppies, and ragweed, contesting every inch of the space with the crops of wild oats that covered the thatch, and lifted their spiked ears high over the downbeaten and dispirited chimneys. The same family groups still sat in the same attitudes before the self-same cabin doors; the inevitable smoke-grimed grandmother; the good-looking slatternly mother; the healthy, rosy, filthy troop of children; the very same tramp had apparently just dropped in for the same sup of drink and bit of bread for the love of God. A whole generation had changed places in the interval, but not a straw had moved to mark the progress of the world; and when a couple of babies—white-headed and half-naked—were found calmly seated in the middle of the road and had to be removed before they could proceed, Theobald Quin remembered with a sudden smile of amusement that identically the same little incident had occurred to him upon his outward drive.

They were not long in escaping from this thin fringe of human habitations, however, and getting out into the wider, more open, well-nigh deserted country beyond. Save where the sea has carved out a strangely architectural barrier for itself, Clare is not, it must be owned, a pretty nor yet even an interesting county, and where they were now travelling was still some way from the coast. All around them there arose a succession of green rolling ridges, treeless, silent, featureless, varied by an occasional potato-

or turnip-field, the puddles along of the ditches were about the brightest objects visible ; golden greens with avens, brown-green with pond weeds and starry with milfoil and crowfoot, they lent a varied gem-like grace to the bald, sodden colourless landscape.

When they came to the turn where the road leading to his old home branched away from that which they were then following, the Judge looked wistfully down the long grass-grown track. Far in the distance a woman was driving her pig home from an unsuccessful market, the two figures silhouetted sharply in the dream-like vacancy. How well he remembered riding along that road as a boy on his pony, and rejoicing in the grass-grown edges which warranted his setting off that long-suffering animal as fast as its short little legs could be induced to travel ! After his twenty-nine years of absence the poor man was full of *épanchement de cœur* which marks the returning exile, and would have gladly stopped to chat with the passing harvesters, or with the dispensary doctor, stranger though he was, whom they met riding leisurely homewards after his day's rounds. Unfortunately for him, his driver, the most available person for the purpose, was—unlike the generality of the tribe—sulky, and could not be induced to respond to his advances :

Had he known any of the Quin family formerly ? Quin is it ? There were no Quins in thim parts worth spakin' about, 'cept it was maybe little Terry Quin the publican's nephey, that was to be put up for the county, they said, at the next 'lection. And trath ! 'twas shtuff puttin' him up. What was the use of Terry ?—innicent, paceable poor cratur any one might twist round his little finger. 'Twasn't them sort was wanted these times. 'Twas *shtrong* men was wanted, and shtrong men, God willin', they'd have too, or know the reason why.

"Had there been much distress there during the recently reported famine ?" the Judge next inquired, finding more personal topics a failure. "Well, there had and there hadn't. There *wud* have been, only a power o' money had come in from Americky."

"Did no money come from England ?"

"From *Ingland* !" in a tone of withering sarcasm. "'Tis loikely they'd be sendin' it from there ! 'Tis out of this counthry they do be takin' it, and have been since the beginnin' of the world, but begorra they won't do so much longer ! There's a time comin'——" and Mr. Mooney dealt



his horse a sudden crack with the broken whip, which sufficiently denoted the retribution which awaited the despoilers of a long-suffering and exasperated people.

While this conversation was going on, the face of the country had been gradually changing around the travellers. Grass had given way to gorse and heather and these in their turn to sheer rock ; a vast almost universal greyness seemed to have overspread the whole face of nature, like some primæval curse of barrenness. The hills were not high, but they were strangely naked ; sheets of rock, bare as the pinnacle of some alpine giant, rising in a succession of steps from the base to the very summit. At last they arrived at the shores of a small lake whose steel-blue surface, shining like a turquoise, seemed to offer a welcome to the traveller through this wilderness. No other welcome was forthcoming. From the middle of the lake there rose a small green island, and from the middle of the island a large grey castle, built of blocks of bluish limestone so large that even from this distance their successive layers were distinctly visible. High and low, near and far, not a living creature was to be seen ; not a bird nor a beast, not an insect in the air, nor apparently so much as a fish in the lough. In vain too they shouted and gesticulated ; their voices came back to them in accents of mockery or supplication from the opposite shore, but failed to produce the slightest effect upon the inmates of the castle.

What was to be done ? Theobald Quin wondered with some consternation. That they could not remain where they were all night was sufficiently obvious, and already the shades of evening were beginning to fall. "Was there any other house in the neighbourhood where he could find a lodging for the night, supposing that they failed to make themselves heard ?" he inquired of his driver. "Faith, there was not, that he knew of, nor the time to be lookin' for one neither," that worthy replied. "'Twas back at the station he and the mare must be in time for the 8.14 from Anthenry, and it wanted barely two hours of that now."

This was cheerful ! Judge Quin was beginning to despair, and was mentally retracing the whole of that long, weary way back to the station, when at last two figures did appear in sight, strolling down to the water's edge, and a dialogue ensued between them and the carman.

"Who is that, at all, at this hour ?"

"'Tis a gentleman wantin' to get to the Castle."

"Which?"

"A gentleman—wantin'—to—get—to—the—Castle!"

"Speak up, can't you!"

"A gen—tle—man! to—the—Cas—tle!"

This time the answer did appear to have been heard, for the sound of laughter was distinctly audible across the water.

"Arrah! what sort of a gentleman would he be now?" a new voice exclaimed, in a tone of mockery.

The carman swore under his breath.

"What'll I say to thim at all, yer honour?" he inquired, turning irritably to his fare.

"Tell them it's a—a relation of the family," the other replied, divided between amusement and decided irritation at the unseasonableness of the delay.

This information was duly repeated, but failed apparently to produce any effect, or possibly may have been lost upon the road, for no steps were taken to put out a boat. Now Judge Quin was a very equable-tempered man, but his equability, like that of most other people, had its limits. He had come a long way in order to visit and, if possible, be of service to this unknown relation of his, left stranded, as it seemed, upon his hands; he was prepared to do his utmost on her behalf; to take upon himself, if need be, the whole protectorship of her life; the whole care, guardianship, responsibility of her fatherless children. All this, and more even, he was willing to do: to make sacrifices; to part with what for a man of his means would be considerable sums. What he naturally had not been at all prepared for was that he the bringer of these good things, should be received in so eminently cavalier and unceremonious a fashion; kept kicking his heels upon the shores of a desolate lake, at fall of night, after a drive of nearly twenty miles, within sight and hearing of persons, presumably members of his sister-in-law's party, strolling at their ease on the further shore, and making mock of his efforts to procure a passage to what might almost, under the circumstances, be called his own property. Naturally, therefore, as I say, he was very wrath, and in his wrath he became slightly unreasonable.

"You may say I am Judge Quin," he said to his driver, resolving as he did so that if this information failed in producing the desired effect, he would simply turn round, retrace his steps

the way he had come, and relinquish, for the present at all events, all attempts at benefiting those who evidently, he said to himself, had no desire to be so benefited by him.

Fortunately the unspoken threat was not required to be carried into execution. This time the announcement, conveyed at the top of Mr. Thaddeus Mooney's powerful lungs, produced an immediate effect. A prompt commotion manifested itself upon the shore of the island; one of the two men who had taken part in the previous dialogue running back to the house, while the other proceeded to the water's edge to get out a boat, where he was presently joined by his companion, and both began pulling rapidly over towards the opposite shore.

As the boat approached near enough for those upon that shore to discern its occupants, they were seen to be both young men, presumably between twenty and twenty-six years of age. One, a thick-set, broad-chested young fellow, heavy-featured and sandy-haired, dressed in a suit of serviceable frieze which did not suggest any of the niceties of tailoring. The other of a different type; black-haired, white-faced, and smirking, with a moustache which betokened anxious cultivation, and town-cut clothes which had lost their first gloss—a young man who seemed to bring a sudden, not perhaps quite explainable, suggestion of shops, malacca canes, hair oil, and to those still more intimately acquainted with their *carte de pays*, a Sunday afternoon, perhaps, upon the East Pier of Kingstown harbour.

It was this gentleman who, as soon as the boat touched ground, stepped forward, advancing with outstretched hand and an agreeable smile upon his face toward where the Judge stood, digesting his displeasure beside the car, from which the driver had by this time lifted the luggage.

"Allow me to have the honour of welcoming you to the county Clare, Judge Quin," he said in a voice from which the native inflexions were not quite so effectually banished as they were no doubt intended to be. "Me sister Gloriana will be delighted at seeing you. Won't you step into the boat, and we'll be over in a twinkling?"

"You are Mrs. Edgar Quin's brother?" the other responded with less cordiality than he would doubtless have shown half an hour previously.

"The same, Judge Quin! Fortescue Devitt is me name. Odd, that we havn't met earlier. All the more agreeable now

—for me, anyhow!" Mr. Devitt ended, with an engaging smile, which showed his admirably white teeth to perfection.

Judge Quin did not make haste to fill up the obvious omission. They were now moving towards the boat, and instead of continuing the conversation, he glanced with some curiosity towards the second young man, who as yet had not spoken, and who, if his countenance was to be judged, was not particularly inclined to endorse the effusive civility of his companion. The carman was waiting to be paid, an operation which the Judge performed by handing him the amount previously stipulated for, and adding to it an additional five shillings. The fellow declined to be satisfied however.

"And is that all I'm to get for losin' me time and the mare gettin' her death wid no horse-cloth to her back aither?" he exclaimed in a tone of well-simulated indignation, flinging the money down upon a stump at the edge of the water.

"That's all," Theobald Quin replied, settling himself in the boat with the phlegm natural to a man whose life has been spent in dealing with inferior and excitable races.

"Now go away, my good man, and don't be attempting to impose upon the gentleman. Sure, you know right well it is overpaid you are," Mrs. Edgar Quin's brother said in a tone of edifying superiority.

"Overpaid? Wid sixteen shillings! And me good man, too! The Lord save us! Forty Devitt's good man! Forty Devitt, that was riz at the charity school of Ballysadare!"

This form of repartee seemed for the moment to have the effect of paralysing young Mr. Devitt, judging by the purple hue which suddenly overspread his countenance, and it was left to the fourth member of the quartett to take up the cudgels.

"If you don't want to have your head broke pick up the money, Mooney, you fool, and hold yer tongue," he said in a thick, gruff utterance which seemed struggling through some impenetrable medium, and in which the native inflexions were free from any attempt at concealment.

The carman wheeled round to the new interlocutor.

"Ah thin, Mr. Malony sor, sure you know yerself 'taint enough?" he said in a tone of obsequious entreaty.

The young man addressed vouchsafed no rejoinder, merely pulling up the peg which fastened the boat to the shore, and pushing it out with his foot till it floated, after which he slumped through the water, which rose considerably above his ankles, and

leaving the unabashed Mooney to gather up his money and retire at his leisure, clambered over the edge and resumed his former place at the oar.

The incident was not perhaps calculated to add to the loquacity of the party, at any rate it was in well-nigh complete silence that they rowed across the lake to the island. What was left of the sunlight had now vanished, the wind too had dropped, and despite the splashing of the oars and the more distant rattling of the car along the road, the impression of solitude and silence was all pervading. As they approached the castle its four black walls rose up higher and higher, until they seemed to tower bodily into the sky. Behind, a few broken and fast discolouring fragments of orange and tawny were flaking the edges of the horizon, against which the terraced hills, clear in their rock-hewn distinctness, paled and paled from purple, through violet, quivering and glowing a while, until they settled finally down into a wide-spread sickly ashen.

Lights, as they struck the shore, were beginning to play behind the grim-visaged mass of the masonry, one small reddish flame suddenly appearing high up in the neighbourhood of its turrets, whence its reflection fell lightning fashion along the water, disappearing shortly amongst some reeds and bulrushes. As he was getting out of the boat Judge Quin stumbled in the darkness, and would have fallen, but was caught in the grip of the big young man in the frieze suit, who half led, half shoved him towards a small walk which led up from the landing-place to the aperture of the castle.

This aperture was now opened and filled with light, filled too, as it seemed to the new-comer, with a perfect flock of women-kind, young and old, middle-aged, of various heights, and various fashions of head-gear; out of which flock there presently emerged a tall, youngish, still decidedly good-looking woman, leading a child by the hand, who, as he approached, letting the latter go, and running forward with outstretched hands and an exclamation of "Ach, me dear brother, I'm glad to see you!" fairly put her arms about his neck, and embraced him in the middle of his sunburnt cheek.

From this embrace the Judge emerged flushed, hot, and embarrassed. Not for many many years had he been kissed by a young and pretty woman, certainly never before in his life by one upon their first introduction. It was not, therefore, until he found himself seated upon a chair in the sitting-



room that he recovered his customary and well-balanced self-possession.

His first impression upon doing so was that he had rarely in his life seen a room so full of people. To begin with, it was a very small room, astonishingly so when compared with the bulk of the building of which it apparently formed the principal sitting-room. The furniture, the chairs particularly, appeared to have been arranged upon the theory that the further they got from the centre and the nearer to the walls of the room the better, consequently none of the party as yet were seated with the exception of himself and a very old lady, with a large red-and-brown check shawl around her shoulders, who sat in an armchair by the fireplace staring at the lights and himself with an unwinking attention which gave her not a little the aspect of an unusually large stuffed owl.

This old lady, it was presently made clear to him, was Mrs. Edgar Quin's mother. In addition there were two sisters of the latter's present; another young lady swathed in black crape, whom he made out to be the sister of the young man in the frieze suit whom the carman had called Mr. Malony; another old lady, also in crape, who was Mr. Malony's mother; and yet another lady of undetermined age, whose relationship he failed to elucidate. All these, it will be understood, made up a considerable party, particularly when the amount of cubic space which they were expected to occupy was taken into consideration. Theobald Quin was not a little taken aback by this to him utterly unlooked-for appearance of festivity. When on his homeward journey he had contemplated this visit he was to pay to his sister-in-law he had always pictured her to himself as alone, or in the company only of her children. Without exactly forming any striking or picturesque rôle for himself, he had also always insensibly pictured himself as appearing in the character somehow of a supporter, nay to some extent of a champion. The poor little woman—surely he had understood she was little—left a widow under such peculiarly trying circumstances, ignored by her husband's too dignified relations, too poor to purchase the comforts of her station, without the education and culture which draws the worst sting from solitude, set down to struggle on as best she might in a half-dismantled house in the middle of a remote lake in the heart of West Clare! What more forlorn, more dispiriting situation could be imagined, or one more calculated to appeal to all that was kindest in a

man's composition? The reality, however, such as he now found it, did not correspond to this preconceived picture. Far from languishing in a silent and melancholy solitude, his sister-in-law, judging by present appearances, appeared to inhabit a house inconveniently brimming over with people, not relations merely, whose presence might be accounted for, but also others not relations, whose presence did seem to need a certain amount of explanation. That poverty too, of which he had heard so much and on behalf of which he had been appealed to so strenuously—where was it, or what had become of it? The room in which they were sitting was not an attractive one, there were not many suggestions of graceful or intelligent occupation about it, but Judge Quin had experience enough to know probably there would not have been in any case. It was full of furniture, brand-new furniture; it was perfectly ablaze with lights—wax candles, which, everybody knows, costs money; servants—the indiscriminate and heterogeneous servants of a second-rate Irish establishment—kept appearing and disappearing at the door. What the deuce did it mean? the poor man asked himself in some perplexity.

These discrepancies, which increased as the evening advanced, puzzled our exile considerably, and gave rise to sundry uneasy reflections in his mind. The meal to which the whole party were presently summoned was an abundant one, almost too abundant for the occasion, the table presenting rather the effect of an over-crowded *table d'hôte*, where the landlord is liberal but the waiters not as efficiently drilled in their parts as they might be. There had been a momentary hesitation before going in, and, rather to his surprise, he had seen his sister-in-law go up to the young man in frieze and enter into an animated discussion with him, she apparently pleading, he reluctantly yielding, to something proposed. After which she returned and requested that the Judge would kindly take in her mother—the old lady, that is, with glassy eyes—which he had accordingly done, seating himself as a matter of course at the foot of the table, the rest flocking in one after the other, without any particular sequence.

The evening passed under such circumstances and in such company, was quite different from anything the Judge had previously imagined. Even his brother's children were a disappointment to the poor man; the little girl allowed herself to be spoken to, and even graciously accepted some Indian

gewgaws which he abstracted from a trunk for her benefit ; but the boy, upon being introduced, promptly betook himself to the company of the mysterious young man in the frieze coat, from whose side no persuasion could win him until his bedtime arrived. Mrs. Edgar Quin seemed embarrassed ; the Malony family appeared handsomely endowed with illimitable capacities for silence, and the chief conversational burden of the party was accordingly sustained by young Mr. Devitt, who favoured the company with a lengthened account of a ball at Rathmines, given by a lady of his acquaintance a few weeks earlier, at which he appeared to have constituted the life and soul of the party.

The whole position of affairs was mysterious, and it was with a feeling of relief that Judge Quin hailed the moment of dispersal. After declining several offers of whisky and other enticing beverages, he was conducted by his sister-in-law to a room up several flights of stairs, where, overcome with the fatigues engendered by a night and two days' travelling, he presently fell asleep.

From this sleep he was awakened about the middle of the night by a horrible smell, and by a sensation of suffocation, as though he were sinking down through mountains of something soft and yielding, which closed in steadily upon him as he descended. This sensation, worse still this smell, continued and even appeared to strengthen as he awoke ; it was desperate, sickening, all-pervading. His first idea was that he must be still on board ship, only that instead of being in his cabin, his berth had been mysteriously conveyed to the bottom of the hold ; then he thought of bad apples, of dead rats, of various forms of animal and vegetable decay. Finally all other imaginations concentrated and resolved themselves into a single word, *dry rot* ! He had smelt it when he was going to bed, but had been too sleepy to refer it to its proper cause ; the whole atmosphere of the castle was not an invigorating one, the room itself had a dank, unoccupied air, but his thoughts had been otherwise occupied, and he had been glad to get to bed and forget them. Now, however, it was impossible any longer to be oblivious of it ; impossible, in fact, to think of anything else ; the sleepiness engendered by two days' travelling was not proof against its potent horrors. No one endowed with that doubtfully advantageous possession, a nose, could stand out against it, and with a bound he was out of his bed, had crossed the half-

carpeted space which separated him from the window, had wrenched the latter widely open, and was leaning out.

Heavens, what a relief! A moon that was three parts full was dropping silver rain across the lake, half of which was already agleam and dazzling—a silver shield of the very finest goldsmith's work; the other half was still dark, not black but grey, but a gloss upon it, like brocade or old satin. Right and left the long straight lines of the hills rose step above step, a ghostly staircase clear as crystal in the moonlight, whose uppermost rim seemed to have got somehow worn away. Midway nearly due west of the lake the hills sank again to meet the shore, and here too—a dozen miles perhaps from his eye—was another long bar of silver, not chased, but smooth and seemingly solid, changing indeed, but changing upon too large a scale to ripple, heaving rather with the long, slow heave of some dreamless sleeper. And as he leaned out, smelling ravenously at the fresh night air, and trying to rid his nostrils of that unspeakably detestable smell which had lately filled them, a hollow thud, broken and renewed, and broken and renewed again and again, fell sonorously upon his ears.

It was beautiful, even magnificent, but it was also undeniably cold, and of this the poor man became speedily aware! There was little air astir, but what there was had a tingle in it, almost like incipient frost. He shivered and made a few steps backward from the window. Hardly, however, had he quitted its neighbourhood, before that detestable smell took possession of him again. It seemed to be clinging to the woodwork of the windows; to be in the chairs, in the tables, in everything. Never in all his experience had he smelt so utterly pernicious a smell. There was an acrid flavour about it which seemed to take hold of more senses than one. Did other bedrooms in this unfortunate house enjoy the same, he wondered, or was he specially privileged?

He groped about in search of a match-box, but failed, it need hardly be said, to discover one. There was light enough, however, from the moonlight to see the furniture, but mistily and deceptively, the huge four-post bed from which he had just risen, and which constituted its principal dignity, towering like some stupendous catafalque in its cobwebby corner. Judge Quin was probably as little of a ghost-seer as could well be imagined, twenty-seven years of Indian sun having pretty well purged from his brain any faint residue of such vanities he might have inherited from his

Celtic ancestors. As he glanced round him in the semi-obscurity, however, he could not help remarking to himself how easy it would be for a superstitious man to people this semi-bluish obscurity with strange and eerie shapes. Nay, little prone to such follies as he was, it seemed to him as if he could almost have fancied gruesome creatures swarming about the floor, and peopling the dusky corners, mopping and moving with skinny fingers, and claws which strove to scratch. If he only could have got back to bed and settled himself peacefully under the sheets, it would have been a comfort! This unfortunately was just what it was quite out of the question to do. He did go back and fetch a blanket, huddling it in an unsatisfactory fashion around his shoulders, and settling himself as best he could upon a couple of chairs, with his head propped against another, and in close proximity to the window.

At length, though not until after much hard fighting, sleep got the better of the struggle, and despite the cold and uncomfortable attitude, he slept, and slept soundly for an hour or two. Suddenly something, either in his dreams or in the outward reality, startled him and he opened his eyes. On so doing he discovered that the night—the first night of his return to the land of his birth—was over, and that a new day was breaking gradually in the east. It broke, not as too many days do in that cloud-infested region, in mist and rain and all-pervading despondency, but with a great green flush in the east, growing steadily into ruddiness until it had spread itself even to the west, and was sweeping away in unimpeded glory over the whole abyss of sea. Despite his aching shoulders, and despite that yet more agonising sense of sleep unlawfully and treacherously kept off, the Judge could not help rejoicing too in the return of a new day. His thoughts insensibly began turning in the direction of hot water. How blessed would it be, he thought to have a bath, to assuage in some degree the chills and the cramp engendered by this most memorably miserable night! Then—that desirable consummation seeming to him highly improbable, at any rate for many many hours to come—another and a more heroic idea occurred. He would go out. That broad realm of Atlantic, unfurling its blue banner triumphantly before his windows, had an irresistible enticement for the returning exile. Thereby too would he escape from this pernicious smell, would stretch his limbs, cramped with their agonised posture, and would get into the sunshine which already was making a dazzle upon the water.



He looked at his watch ; it was half-past six o'clock. Another question arose. Should he be able to get out of the house, and if he succeeded even in doing so, should he be able to find the boat in which he had crossed last night? If not his, energy would simply resolve itself into a melancholy stroll round the island, whose dimensions he could see were even smaller than he had taken them to be over-night. Thus speculating, he had begun to dress, putting on everything warm and comforting which his too light summer wardrobe afforded. Before he had finished this and his much curtailed ablutions, a sound reached him from the inside of the house, the distant cautious opening of a door. Looking out, he saw that the thickset young man, called Malony, had come out of the house with a fishing-rod on his shoulder, and was wending his way in the direction of the boat. Now Judge Quin would have infinitely preferred to make his little expedition alone. Though less objectionable to his taste than the other young man, he was inclined to resent the presence of this young Malony in his sister-in-law's house. What was he doing there? Who was he? And what was the meaning of the Malony family having quartered themselves, apparently in permanence, upon an unfortunate young woman whose means were so circumscribed that it was as much, nay more, than she could do to provide for herself and her own children? The unreasonableness of the thing irritated him, the more so that he had not as yet been able to find any opportunity of remonstrating with his sister-in-law upon the subject, so that his objections had been necessarily confined to the much-tried region of his own breast.

Now, however, he felt obliged to address the young man on pain of seeing him depart with the only means of locomotion probably attainable. Calling from the window, he begged therefore that if he was going to take the boat he would kindly wait a few minutes, as he himself proposed going to the mainland, and would ask him to put him across.

When he had descended the stairs and reached the front of the house, young Malony was still standing in the self-same place, and turned upon him, as he approached, a pair of such widely open, candidly astonished eyes, that the elder man felt bound to put forward some explanation of the apparent eccentricity of his conduct.

"I've been unable to sleep," he said in a tone of polite explanation. "There's something extremely odd 'the matter with the

room. A most unpleasant smell. I have literally hardly closed an eye all night."

"You're in what they call the torret, ar'nt you? The wood's rotten. I told Glor—Mrs. Quin she'd better not put any one in it. 'Tis a beastly stink!" young Mr. Malony assented candidly.

Judge Quin felt a little offended. Whatever fault he as a member of the family might choose to find with the house, it was hardly for visitors to do so.

"No doubt my brother was unable to put the whole of the castle into order," he said rather coldly. "In an old house of this kind, there is always an immensity to do, to make things comfortable."

"All the money in Ireland, or out of it, wouldn't make *that* one comfortable. It's the rottenest old husk in the country. If I'd my way I'd have it down to-morrow."

It was now Judge Quin's turn to open his eyes. Whatever he might think of his poor brother's wisdom in selecting Quin Lough as a place of residence, did not affect the question. The tone assumed by this young man, this stranger, was outrageous, unheard of. Cub that he was, and encouraged as he had doubtless been by others in his uncouthness, this was rather too much to put up with; it was time *some one* put a check upon his bearishness, and taught him the way it behoved any one admitted to the society of gentlemen to behave. It was not easy to see how this much-needed lesson was to be administered, however. The finer shades of behaviour would evidently be lost upon him, and to have a dispute upon such a subject would clearly have been derogatory to his own dignity. All he could do at the moment, therefore, was to turn away from the hand which young Mr. Malony proffered to him on their arrival at the boat, and to stalk with dignity to his own place, seating himself with an air of displeasure in the bows.

That these symptoms were utterly thrown away upon their recipient was evident from the next remark.

"*She* likes it," he said, jerking his head in the direction of the island they were leaving behind them. "She'd rather have it than a decent house elsewhere. It's the name of the thing, I suppose, and on that account of the children. They were great people about here once upon a time, the Quins, I suppose?" he added, addressing the representative of the family with an air of inquiry. "Tremendous swells—kings and all that sort of thing?"

In spite of himself, the Judge could hardly forbear a smile.

"You don't belong to this neighbourhood yourself, I suppose?" he answered, waiving the question of his race's supremacy.

"Is it I? Not I; never was in it till six months ago. I'm from Cork"—a city which he pronounced as if its name had been spelt with an *a*. "You'll have heard of Malony's hams?" he added a minute after with a certain gravity.

Judge Quin had heard of Malony's hams. Every one not in Cork alone, but all Ireland has heard of them. Their excellence and the fame thereof has gone abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land. So this was a Malony of the Hams, was it? he thought with some amusement. Another and a more pertinent fact immediately presented itself. If this young man was intimately connected with those Malonys, he must be well off, and if he was well off, and his relations well off, why in the name of reason had they come and quartered themselves *en masse* upon that unfortunate young woman his sister-in-law?

"What relation are you to the head of the firm?" he inquired abruptly.

The young man threw back his chin. "He'll never have a nearer," he said with a guffaw of enjoyment. "You've got the head of the firm, as you call him, in the boat with you," he added, with a sense of his own waggy which nearly resulted in a capsizing.

"You don't mean to say that *you* are the head of that business?"

"I am now. My father was, but he died two months ago. That's one reason we——" Mr. Malony suddenly became scarlet, and the rest of his sentence was buried in the depths of his boots.

Judge Quin did not pay any heed to his confusion. The affairs of the Malonys were of no consequence naturally to him. What struck him forcibly was that this piece of information only made those circumstances which had been previously perplexing more instead of less accountable. He said nothing further, however, until they had reached the opposite shore, and until young Malony, having tied up the boat, and again shouldered his fishing-rod, was preparing to depart, when he put forward another question.

"Does your—your party purpose staying here for any length of time?" he inquired with some dryness in his tone.

His companion reddened, and for the first time exhibited symptoms of a perception of something unflattering in the other's manner.

"Can't say, I'm sure, what we'll be doing *now*," he responded brusquely, and turning away, strode off rapidly towards the shore.

Judge Quin, too, went his way shrugging his shoulders with a sense of utter and hopeless mystification as he did so. The matter was past his puzzling out, that was clear, so he wisely decided to put it away for the present and give himself up to the devices of the next few hours. He did not go straight down to the water's edge, having a sentimental preference for renewing his acquaintance with the Atlantic at its best aspect, so left the road presently and struck across the long sloping hill to a point where, from the windows, he had seen the edge of the vertical edge of cliff rise clear against the water.

He had almost forgotten his perplexities in the enjoyment of his walk, but when he was again on his way downhill, they came back upon him and harassed him much. He wanted extremely to do the best he could for his sister-in-law; not merely for the sake of his brother who was dead, but also for the sake of his own obstinacy for which he had a high and a justifiable good opinion, and which was wholly committed to this side in the family difference. His brother Sir Phelim had always, he maintained, behaved badly in the matter, unkindly, selfishly. What if Edgar had married a little below him, and if he had married imprudently, was he the first man or the first Quin that had ever done so, that his family should promptly turn their backs upon him, the more so because it happened to be obviously convenient to them to do so? He would have dearly liked to be able to go back and tell his brother Sir Phelim that their sister-in-law was a delightful person; that he had never more enjoyed himself than while under her roof; he would have liked to be able to extol her to the skies as a model of prudence, housewifely virtues, economy, devoted to the memory of her husband and to the bringing up of her children. Like every practical-minded man, too, he had a keen desire to have the worth of his money. Now, he had been extremely generous to his brother Edgar, and since his brother's death to Mrs. Edgar, and was quite prepared to be more generous still, but he was not at all prepared to see his money squandered about in foolish wastefulness; expended in providing eatables and drinkables

for all the idle members of his sister-in-law's family ; still less in providing it for these Malonys, who were quite as competent and more competent than he was to provide eatables and drinkables for themselves. Could this young fellow, this Malony, want to marry her ? Could that be the solution of the problem ? The idea had occurred to him once or twice already, but had always been put away again as improbable. To begin with, though a young-looking woman still, his sister-in-law was unquestionably years older than Malony. Of course that fact would not have proved anything one way or other had others seemed to favour the notion, but this it did not appear to him they did. The few times he had heard Malony address her his manner had been anything rather than lover-like. It had been gruff, on the contrary, to bearishness, his whole bearing being much more like that of some extremely dissatisfied brother or husband than a lover. No, that he declared to himself could hardly be, and the upshot of his whole cogitations was that he had not, he decided, gone the right way to work, had allowed himself to be too much ruled by circumstances, instead of ruling them, as at his age, and in his position, was only proper, and he resolved that on his return he would lose no time in having a good talk with his sister-in-law, and trying to get to the bottom of her financial circumstances, and if he found she *was* exceeding her income—as to his apprehensions seemed unquestionable—he would take her to task for it, but gently and affectionately, as a good elder brother should.

His resolutions, poor man, were put to a very early test ! When he got in, the whole party, with the exception of himself and Malony, were at breakfast, and his entrance was the signal for such a general and apparently preconcerted hushing up, such a death-like lull succeeding to a previously deafening clatter of tongues, as seldom fails to produce a feeling of exasperation upon the producer of it. Shortly after breakfast, too, fresh relays of Malonys and Devitts arrived in boats, and there was more whispering, and more meals hastily served up, and much hurrying to and fro of slipshod servants, and such a general atmosphere of excitement, buzz, and mystification, that at last he was fain to walk out of the house, and cool his indignation as best he could in the garden, a place given over, it seemed, to be an exercise ground for lean, long-legged hens, who scratched the moist earth and rooted about at the foot of ancient fuchsia-bushes with much clucking self-satisfaction. His projected



conversation with his sister-in-law proved, moreover, the most abject of failures. What the matter was with them both, he failed to discover, but even after by sheer force of dogged persistence he had got her to himself, away from the tribe of the Devitts and Malonys, he could not induce her to come to the point or to tell him how affairs stood with her finances. She beat about the bush, and shillied and shallied, and said he was very kind, most particular kind; as long as she lived she'd always be grateful for his goodness, and the dear children too. *They* were true Quins anyhow, and would always love their uncle better than any one else in the world. As for money, she was thankful to say there was no difficulty about *that* at present; other friends were kind too, and she hoped he wouldn't be vexed, and if she had had any idea he was likely to come so soon, why things might have been different. And with that she blushed and stammered, and showed symptoms of shedding tears, and at last made an excuse and got away. Soon after which the Judge found himself confronted with Mr. Fortescue Devitt, who regaled him with the whole account of the ball at Rathmines all over again, whereat in his perplexity and irritation, and for lack of a better victim, he rose in his wrath and snubbed that young gentleman so uncompromisingly that even his opaque soul woke to a consciousness of the fact. And then he took shame to himself for snubbing so small a thing, and so turned away and strode upstairs to his room in the turret, forgetting about the smell, and found it still reigning there in full possession, and was routed and driven away with confusion, and out into the garden again, whence he strayed into the back regions of the establishment, and wandered round amongst stray pots and pails, and old shoes and boots, and potato-skins, stumbling over wash-tubs and turf buckets set engagingly in unexpected places, and was a very miserable man, and sorely repented that he had ever made this expedition to Clare, or meddled in the affairs of those who had evidently no need or desire whatsoever of aid from him.

Whatever else might be wanting to Quin Lough, of eating and drinking there was clearly no lack, and the clang of the luncheon bell roused him in the middle of these reflections; and when he mechanically obeyed its summons, he found every knife and fork in the establishment hard at work again, an odour of roast mutton filling the air like a tide of incense. Young Malony had come in from his fishing, and sat near the head of the table,

devouring slice after slice of mutton with the haste and pertinacity of a man who does not expect to see food again for a fortnight. Judge Quin's indignation, rising all the morning, fairly brimmed over at this sight. "Deuce take the fellow, what business had he to sit gorging himself at other people's expense?" he thought vindictively, "ugly, lumbering, overfed lout!" And when his sister-in-law innocently inquired whether he would have some more—"Thank you, no, Gloriana," he said, using her Christian name for the first and only occasion in his life. "Three slices of mutton are enough for *me*," with a glance at the culprit opposite, which caused the latter's jaws to pause for a moment in the act of mastication, and his eyes to stare roundly and vacantly at his assailant, after which he helped himself to some potatoes from a dish in front of him, and, thus recruited, set to work stolidly upon the mutton again.

Altogether, as will be perceived from these indications, the poor Judge's visit to Quin Lough could not be called a success, and of this no one was more conscious than himself. He had laid out his plans to stay there a week, but by the end of the second day it was abundantly evident that the sooner he went away, the greater the likelihood of his meeting any of the party again upon decently comfortable terms. There are situations where the boldest of men have no resource but to beat a retreat, and this clearly was one of them. He had not intended visiting his old home at present, there being reasons that made him rather shrink from doing so; now, however, he declared his intention of going there. After all, it was only a thirty-two miles' drive across country, and nothing could be more natural than that he should wish to visit it. At any rate, he announced the necessity of his so doing in a tone which admitted of no question, and was rewarded by seeing unmistakable symptoms of satisfaction creep over the faces of all present. He ordered a car—not Mooney's—to be in readiness upon the opposite shore at a particular hour the following morning, and when that hour arrived took leave of his sister-in-law with some embarrassment on her part, but considerably less effusion than had been shown at their meeting, the feminine branches of the Malonys and Devitts, in place of congregating at the door, watching him from concealed posts behind doors and windows as he marched down to the beach with his mackintosh over his arm.

Young Malony was waiting alone to pull him across, Mr. Devitt having probably declined on this occasion to render his

valuable assistance. The transit was accomplished in silence, but upon reaching the opposite shore the young man shouldered the portmanteau before the other had time to take any steps in the matter, and carried it on his shoulders to the car which stood waiting for them upon the road, after which he stood with both hands in his pockets, and the air of a man who has something to say, but not a notion how to say it.

Judge Quin was not in the mood to help him out. Having seen to his disposal of the luggage, and ascertained by dint of rigid cross-examination that the driver was acquainted with his way, he was about to mount, when his companion at last broke silence.

"You'll be back before long, I suppose?" he observed awkwardly.

"I should say it was highly improbable," the other responded severely.

Malony thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, kicked over a piece of stone which was lying in the road, wriggled, and looked away at the distant horizon, as if he was considering the prospects of rain. "Well, good-bye, any way," he said at last, and thrusting out a big brown hand, seized the other's reluctant one, and then turning round, stumped down to his boat again, pushed it off, plunged in over the gunwale, and was soon pulling away as if for bare life to the island. So expeditious were his movements, that when the Judge looked round a few minutes afterwards nothing in the shape of a boat was visible upon the water, the whole scene—*island, castle, lake*—having resumed the same air of absolutely unbroken desolation that it had done on his arrival, the topmost turret wherein he had passed so distracted a night being the last thing visible as he turned the corner of the road.

He performed his journey to his brother's place in safety, but if he expected solace or exhilaration from the change, he was destined to be disappointed. The house and property were under the charge of an agent, who in his turn was under the charge of a small and extremely fussy consignment of police, who took turns to follow him about in his walks, and to sit in his pew in church, and upon the box when he went for a drive, and to escort him upstairs and downstairs, and sit in a row outside while he ate his dinner, and who it is to be hoped at least enjoyed their position. It was the first time that the returned wanderer had made acquaintance with this new phase of his

country's domestic history, and it cannot be said that it commended itself to him as satisfactory. Nay, so strong is the force of contagion, that after a few hours' experience of it he too began to feel as if he had lived all his life in a state of beleaguement, and to look suspiciously about hawthorn-bushes and round hay-ricks, as things likely to be perilous to harmless and unsuspecting persons. It was not an exhilarating experience, and he was not sorry to find himself once again upon a car, this time with only a short space of road between him and the station, where he was to meet the train which was to convey him to Dublin.

He had left his goods in the charge of a porter, and had gone to get a newspaper, when he heard himself hailed by name, and a large, full-faced man, florid but military-looking, a heavy silver riding-whip in one hand, and a white and liver-coloured pointer at his heels, came clinking his spurs across the platform, and grasped him warmly by the hand, uttering as he did so a dozen exclamations of pleasure at the encounter, and at his own good fortune in happening to look into the station that minute in search of a parcel from Dublin which had gone astray.

It took Judge Quin several seconds to recollect who his amiable and effusive friend was. Then he recollected that he was a certain Captain, probably by this time Major Duckett, who had been quartered for some time at his station in India, and to whom he had shown some civility ten years previously, but of whom he had since entirely lost sight, and of whom, beyond that he was a fellow-countryman, he had really known nothing. He responded, however, to his greeting with due cordiality, expressing his pleasure at the accidental encounter and his regret that their meeting should be but a momentary one. "I had no notion, that you belonged to this part of the country, Duckett," he added in conclusion. "I fancied you came from somewhere in the south."

"So I do, my dear fellow—Cork—quite right, but you see I was appointed three years ago to the adjutancy of this ferocious militia of yours, the most absolute sinecure probably which the nineteenth century can boast; the regiment has never been out since I joined it, and seems little likely either to do so the way things are going on! But about yourself. When did you return from India, and what brings you along this line? I thought Sir Phelim and all the family had registered an immortal oath never again to set foot in Clare?"

"I am afraid they have, or something like it, but I have been paying a visit to my sister-in-law at Quin Lough."

"Ah, to be sure. Mrs. Edgar—mustn't call her that, by the way, now, must we? I stayed there once years ago when Lord Tullaghlough's otter hounds were in the neighbourhood, and your brother was good enough to put me up for the night. Wonderful old castle, isn't it? I always wonder what one of those millionaires who love tinkering up old houses would make of it. By the way, talking of millionaires, what do you say to your new relation?" the Major added, with twinkling eyes and the air of a man who looks for a humorous reply.

But the Judge merely looked a little bewildered.

"New relation? What new relation? You don't mean my sister-in-law?" he said.

"Sister-in-law? No. I mean Malony."

Theobald Quin's foot was upon the step of the railway carriage, and he was in the act of mounting. Instead of doing so, he drew his foot down again until he once more stood upon the platform, and remained staring blankly at his interlocutor.

"Malony?" he repeated faintly.

"Malony? Yes, of course, young Malony—Hammy, we call him in Cork—her new husband. Oh! come, I say, Judge, you needn't look so awfully innocently at me. I know it had to be kept dark because of the old man being just dead, and because the bride insisted upon it, and all that; but Malony is a neighbour of ours—his father, old Hammy, bought the Deepdales' place on the Cove—so of course I was one of the first to hear of it. Besides, those sort of things, bless you, always slip out. There's no use in trying to bottle them up, not a bit."

"Husband?" Theobald Quin repeated in a tone of stupefaction, that being the only word that had yet penetrated to his understanding.

"Come, I say, Judge, it's too bad—with an old friend too! Don't I tell you there's not the slightest use in making a mystery of it. I *know* they were married last Tuesday week—or was it Wednesday? All the same, I'm bound to say I never saw a man who did it so well; but for the impossibility of the thing any one would swear it was the first you'd heard of it—coming straight from the house too! If ever I have a secret, mark my words, I'll tell it to you, and I'll be bound not a soul will get it out of you. Ha, ha, ha!"



"Thank you. You're very good," Judge Quin replied mechanically.

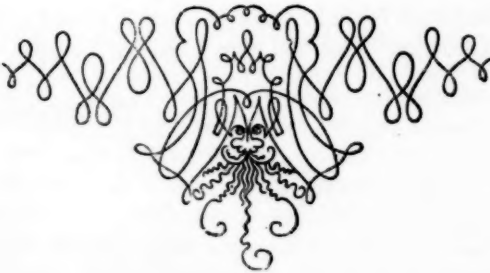
"Socially, it is I suppose a bit of a come down," the Major rattled on. "After all, though, what would you have? Gold is everything nowadays, and Malony is as stiff with it as a field-marshal's epaulet, and an uncommonly good sort of fellow too at bottom, when you come to know him, is Hammy. Of course he's a lout, it doesn't take a Chesterfield to see that. With all their money his people ought to have sent him to Eton instead of Armagh, or some such place, topping up with the Trinity College; what could they expect? not that they'd see any difference. I hear he has come out uncommonly handsomely in the matter of settlements, and likes the children, and is going to turn into the regular paterfamilias. Young Hammy a paterfamilias! Ha, ha! Upon my life, it is a good joke! It's a good joke too my telling it all to you, as if you didn't know more about it than I do? Well, I believe you really *are* off at last. Here's the fellow for the ticket. Shall I tell him to lock you in?"

But Judge Quin, who had now taken his place in the carriage, was in a state of mind too hopelessly chaotic to articulate. The train was getting under weigh, and mechanically, and like a man in a dream, he waved a farewell to his loquacious friend, who continued upon the step talking up to the last available instant. Mechanically he saw the train grind and scrape its way out of the station, and begin a leisurely career over the green fields and superabounding rocks outside. Mechanically, too, he unfolded his newspaper, and held it between himself and his solitary neighbour, without, however, understanding a syllable of what he was looking at. It was not until he reached the junction, and was pacing the platform while waiting for the train for Dublin to arrive, that his brain began to get into working order again, and he was able to grasp this utterly astounding piece of information which he had just received.

Married, actually married! so that was the meaning of it! of the whisperings and fussings; the endless relations; the runnings to and fro. It meant *that*, did it? No wonder she wouldn't speak out; no wonder she beat about the bush when he asked her about her money matters,—*her* money matters indeed! So Malony all the time had been actually master of the house; and he, *he* had been Malony's guest! The eatings, drinkings, and all the rest of it had been at *Malony's* expense. What a dolt idiot

thrice besotted, blind mole he had been, to be sure! How those people, those Devitts and Malonys, must have laughed in their sleeve at his stupidity! But what was the meaning of it all? What good did they expect to get by combining together to cheat and deceive him? It was not Malony's doing; no, there he exonerated the fellow; but what had been his sister-in-law's motive in keeping him in the dark? Was it by way of punishing the family through him for having ignored her? or was it that she was surprised by his sudden appearance and took refuge in fibbing? or was it sheer, gratuitous, feminine perversity? or what was the reason of it? Whatever it was, he felt that he had been atrociously, abominably ill-used. He had gone there in all kindness and brotherly feeling, and in turn he had been cozened, hoodwinked, betrayed; never had a man been worse used than he! He would have liked to go back then and given them a piece of his mind. Better, he would have liked to have discovered the true state of things in time and to have punished them properly for their duplicity; and not being in the least a man given to epigrams, he bethought him now of several uncommonly smart things which he might have said if only, only, an inkling of the true state of affairs had dawned upon him in time. Yes, he would have made them wince, that he could promise them; they needn't have expected any mercy from him! For all that, there was one repartee which he *had* indulged in, and which in the depths of his heart he could not help now wishing unsaid. He would have given a good deal to have kept that rather unlucky observation about the mutton to himself!

EMILY LAWLESS.



## In Memory.



### In Memory

Of all the noble deeds we meant to do,  
While our young Life throbbed like a triumph song;  
When in that long lost childhood, pure and true,  
We knew no wrong!

### In Memory

Of sweet pale buds that never came to flower,  
Of wild flowers trodden down by careless feet;  
Of starry blooms that withered ere the shower  
Fell cool and sweet.

### In Memory

Of all things beautiful our eyes have missed;—  
Moon-light on summer seas, the sunset's glow,  
The first pink flush when Dawn the mountains kissed  
And gilt the snow.

### In Memory

Of Love that left an ever-present pain,  
Of dear dead folded hands, and sweet closed eyes.—  
Remembering Love will give them back again  
In Paradise!

VIOLET M. KING.

## Pathos.

OUR emotions play us strange tricks sometimes. Two of the mildest-natured men of my acquaintance—I had almost said the saintliest—one of them, indeed, a zealous clergyman,—confessed that the first emotion they experienced on seeing the announcement of a great catastrophe in the newspapers, such as a destructive earthquake accompanied with loss of life, or the burning of a theatre, was a pleasurable one. They did not attempt to analyse this ; they merely asserted it as a fact. One, indeed—the clergyman—went on to say that he experienced the same sensation in hearing of distressing calamities that happened to his friends—illness, loss of money, jewel robberies—and that he was ashamed of this, even though it was only momentary, and was succeeded by feelings of sympathy and regret. He attributed it to the innate corruption of the human nature. His friend, who is by trade a philosopher, allowed that he had experienced the same feeling, and that, except in cases where personal pain or wounded affection was concerned, his emotion continued to be pleasurable—in the case, for instance, above cited of a jewel robbery ; and he proceeded to analyse his feeling a little further. Innate corruption of the human heart he considered to be merely a convenient name, an abusive way of recalling a plain fact ; but he was disposed to attribute it partly to the inveterate craving of the mind for news, and its intense enjoyment of an interesting activity which it is unable to create for itself, and partly to the sense of personal security, and with many apologies for its triteness he cited “*Suave mare magno.*”

There is undoubtedly a kind of lachrymose temperament often found in elderly ladies who have had losses, where news of calamity, especially of bereavement, is a matter of the most intense and melancholy satisfaction ; this disposition has been nicknamed

the "deadums." In this case the satisfaction results partly from familiarity with grief and strong disinclination to leave an atmosphere so warmly stimulating to the sentimental side of the nature, like the monkey in Buckland's kettle ; and partly too it arises from a feeling of contentment that others are faring like oneself, and that Providence is, after all, fairly impartial. The same feeling which enables two condemned criminals to behave with greater dignity and firmness than a single one.

It is undeniable that there is a side of each individual's nature—the feeling side—which takes a distinct pleasure in exercising itself on melancholy objects. Gray the poet, a man of miserable thoughts, never wrote such good poetry as soon after the death of his nearer relations. And many people will admit that grief, unless it reaches such a pitch of tragic intensity as to crush, is stimulating to the higher emotions. De Musset said, towards the end of his unhappy life, that the only good that remained to him was the memory of tears. If people would only speak the truth, it would be confessed that the only enjoyment that many people have—mainly among the female sex—is the luxury of tears. "Passion never laughs," says Wendell Holmes ; "the wit knows that his place is at the tail of the procession." Among men, sources of laughter are more eagerly sought after as advancing life begins to dock the natural high spirits of fresh vitality ; but sensitive men, and women, generally speaking, do not care for laughter ; it does not give them nearly such pleasurable sensations as the mood that brings tears.

And yet we can never tell what kind of incident is likely to evoke this luxurious grief. Not high tragedy ; not huge calamities, such as those that made the philosopher and the clergyman feel so contented ; not famine or pestilence ; not the death of martyrs or saints ; but a child over a broken toy, a dying animal ; a picture scrawled in a moment of light-heartedness by some dead hand, and suddenly lighted upon in a forgotten drawer. These are the events that make the voice quiver and brim the eyes. When the heroine in one of Mrs. Ritchie's sweet simple books, finds the little feather-brush that had belonged to the old tender-hearted shabby Frenchman whom she had married, but had never loved—the very feather-brush that she had hated him for carrying about the house in the early mornings, in his old dressing-gown, to dust the pictures and vases—though she had seen him die and followed him to his grave without a tear, almost without a regretful thought, the



finding of this silly relic makes her burst into a passion of tears. Ah! that is true to nature, is it not?

There is a curious fact observable in the country names given to famous standing-stones in different parts of England. In far the largest number of cases there is some idea of *arrested mirth* in these; we have pipers and dancing maidens, and various similar titles. This, I believe, bears witness to the fact that these stones, in their rude pathetic loneliness, wet with the rains of heaven, and standing solitary and forsaken in moors and sweeps of desolate down, so far from the homes of men, suggested the idea which is, I believe, the most rudimentary of pathetic ideas, that of *disappointment*, of preparations made for festivity and cheerfulness suddenly checked and made useless.

This will be found to underlie large numbers of stories of this class which are so profoundly moving in their effects. Sometimes it is merely arrested mirth, as I have said; the tidings that turn gladness into despair; the roses picked for the ball and woven into clusters, thrown pitilessly aside; the lights extinguished and the music hushed. Sometimes pathos—and this is to my mind far the most harrowing kind—will be found in an intention to give pleasure which fails of its object, a surprise arranged which falls short of its expectation, and it must be confessed that the more trivial are the details of such events, the more intensely touching they become. These are the incidents that make a reader's voice suddenly and without warning break and fail; that make one almost angry at the vividness of the emotion that they produce,—the cause is so ludicrously disproportionate.

And this same characteristic pervades higher and stronger art. Young life and high hopes cut off and prematurely blighted;—yet there is a solemnity about that which relieves the shadow, and almost, so to speak, damages the purity of the emotion. Such stories as the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' 'Jack-a-napes,' the death of little Paul Dombey, are too well-known to require citing; and a whole host of lesser stories, with titles such as 'Dolly's Walk,' 'Little Jim,' which, I confess with shame, foolish and affected as they often are, I can never lay down without a strange tightness in the throat; and the fact remains that pathos is essentially stronger and more affecting, the slighter and more minute are the persons and things, the stage-properties, so to speak, with which it is enacted.

I propose to cite a few instances of the characteristics which

I have alluded to. It rather recalls a Chamber of Horrors—labelled and concentrated emotions—to undertake such a task—and, translated from their natural surroundings, they lose much of their power; still the attempt may be made.

Probably every one has some few scenes implanted upon their mind, which still preserve, and will continue to preserve, a keenness of emotion so strong, that they would hardly attempt to describe them *vivâ voce*. The following three are purely personal.

The first is as follows. The butler of a neighbouring squire had been dismissed for drunkenness. He was a mild gentlemanly man, rather heavy and nervous in his deportment, with long whiskers and a clean-shaven chin—very respectful and assiduous in his demeanour; what you would call essentially a prosperous-looking man.

Some time after his dismissal (I had casually heard that he was unable to get a place and was in great straits) I was walking over a bridge that crossed a railway in rather a sickly and suburban part of the country, covered with brickfields and mean Middlesex houses: on the bridge I noticed a man holding a little boy in his arms, and pointing out a signal which was down and which they were expecting to rise. He was smoking a clay pipe, and was dressed in clothes which had once been good, but were getting shiny and seedy: he had a battered billy-cock hat on his head. "There it goes, Billy," he said, as the signal went up; the boy looked in his father's face, round-eyed, and full of delight and clapped his hands. The man turned and looked at me: it was my old friend the butler. He was paler than of old, and wretched-looking: he had been six months without a place: his whiskers were just as they had always been, but his chin was unshaven: he touched his hat to me with the same inexpressible respectability that had always characterized him. I stopped to speak to him, but he caught up the child and hurried away. I have never seen or heard of him since.

Again: I was travelling in Italy, and we drew up at a wayside station: it was in the neighbourhood of a great marsh. The country had been swampy and full of streams for miles, and through a gap in the low hills we could see birds rising and falling over a bed of reeds. The train was full of sulky, tired travellers, only hoping to get to Naples and lunch as soon as possible. On the platform was a man, a rude aboriginal peasant, who perhaps made a precarious living out of a few acres of

soaking ground near the marsh, and had ague every other day. He was dressed in the roughest coarsest clothes, but to recommend himself he had twisted a hideous red rag round his throat : on his arm hung a couple of bitterns and seven or eight smaller marsh-birds. He had evidently come down to the train—the only one in the four-and-twenty hours—with some dim idea of selling his birds to some travelling farmer who might wish to vary his ordinary fare, or to some stranger who might be attracted by the curious plumage and aspect of the birds. But the sight of the train and the officials and the surly travellers cowed him ; he evidently could not summon up sufficient courage even to suggest a purchase. He stood looking dully but hopefully at the train. No one spoke to him or noticed him ; the guards pushed past him, and the porters elbowed him out of the way ; he clung to the birds in sullen humility. Personally I was so much interested in the look of the birds—for he was close to me—that I did not even divine his motive till the train started—and even then, what did I want with a sodden bittern trailing its legs in the hat-rack?—moreover, with that brutish insensibility which is apt to characterize one at a crisis, I could not even draw out and fling him a small coin that might have made him happy. No, I watched him stand staring mournfully at the train till the last carriage had drawn out of the station, and then turn patiently round for his homeward trudge, his arm just as heavy, and his pocket just as light. I would give—and I shall never cease to desire it—a handsome sum to *know* that he had not wanted to sell his birds, but had only come down to look at the train.

Thirdly : I was once staying in a country house with a large party of young men, where there was a plain and melancholy girl—a cousin, I think,—domesticated—whose youth was evidently just leaving her. No one was so invariably attentive to all of us ; no one ever slaved more patiently to give satisfaction. At last the week drew to an end, and the party was on the point of breaking up. The hostess good-naturedly sent her in to dinner with a somewhat similar young man, who was nevertheless in point of fortune an eligible enough *parti* ; he was to the full as plain and dull, and not by many degrees as good. The poor thing made one last effort ; she came down in a new dress of red satin, with a strange and fearful arrangement of muslin about the shoulders. We sat down—and I saw the brute glance with horror and amazement at the new decoration and wink at one

of his companions. As ill-luck would have it, the unfortunate girl saw it too. The flush died out of her face ; she became silent and sad ; her little hopes were dashed in a second of time. Very quietly and meekly she accepted her lot ; only one mute glance of misery passed over her eyes, and then she dutifully settled down, as she had done night after night, to her thankless task of trying to amuse and interest the cruel boor.

The above are plain unvarnished incidents of real life. Such things are enacted every day and every hour ; they need nothing but eyes and a heart to see them.

A friend told me that he once went at Cambridge with a party of friends into a shop to purchase a white hat for some private theatricals. Several were produced, but they were all too small. At last the hatter went into a back room and brought out another that looked more promising. He put it on, and presented such a ridiculous aspect that all present, except the shopman, burst out into roars of laughter. "The very thing!" said my friend. "What is the price of it?" The man looked embarrassed. "It wasn't exactly for sale," he said at last, mournfully. "The fact is, it's my own. But I would let you have it for five shillings."

But to quit real life. A novelist has in such episodes an unfailling source to draw upon ; nothing is, to use a slang word, so cheap as such pathos, and yet nothing is more effective. He is able, too, to embellish his incidents with delicate touches of humour which bring out the pathetic features into still keener relief.

There was lately a story in an American magazine which treated an incident of this class in a most masterly way. I will venture to remind my readers of it. An old man, a farmer in the country, goes to see his daughter, who has married a New York trader. He finds her, to his great surprise, living in a big house, with every sign of wealth. She is out at a party, and he cannot see her ; so he asks if he may see his grandson, and is taken into the night nursery, where the little boy is just going to sleep in his white bed. "I have brought you a present," says grandpapa. "Can you think what it is?" The boy is roused into lively interest, and the old man produces from his pocket four apples, tied up with ribbons of different colours. He lays them on the bed with pride and pleasure, smoothing them with his hand. "Only horrid old apples!" says the boy, vexed at not finding something more to his taste ; and flings them one by one into the corner of the room. The old man looks on

sorrowfully ; his little surprise has not taken effect. "They was mighty fine ones, anyways," he says at last, as he picks them up and restores them to his pocket.

Another story that remains by me as terribly affecting is that of a man in some Californian village, who is suspected, without foundation, of having stolen some money from a neighbour. There is a knot of men talking angrily about it near the farm, having just made up their minds to give him a lesson, when he joins them. He has a paper with some little pies in it, newly baked. He begins to talk to them pleasantly, not perceiving their black, indifferent looks, and presently offers them his pies. "Have one?" he says; "they're a fresh batch." They all refuse. "I'd thought you would have liked one, maybe," he says, as he shuts up the paper and puts it down beside him, reserving one for himself, which he begins to eat, sitting on a green bank, still chatting. Presently two of the men come quietly behind him, one with a big stick, and without a word they grip him by the shoulders. "Hullo, neighbour, what's this?" he says, looking from one to another, the unfinished pie in his hand. They close in and begin to strike him; he struggles and cries out; the paper is torn in the scuffle, and the little pies are trampled under foot.

But I should of writers almost award the prize to Turgénieff for unadulterated pathos.

What could be more infinitely touching than the little scene in 'Fathers and Sons,' where Bazarof, after an absence from home of three years, goes back with his friend Kirsanof to see the old people, who fondly and foolishly adore him—the retired military surgeon, with his fat little wife, who do their best to entertain him—and after three days finds himself so profoundly and unutterably bored, that he cannot tolerate the idea of staying any longer? He tells his father to order the post-horses for the next morning.

"Is M. Kirsanoff going to leave us?" he asked.

"Yes, and I am going with him."

The old doctor started back dismayed.

"You are going to leave us?"

"Yes. I have some pressing business. Be so kind as to order the horses."

"Very well," said the old man. "I will see about the horses. Very well—only—only—is it possible?"

"It is necessary that I should go home with him for some days. I shall come back here afterwards."



"Yes? for some days—very well."

The old man took out his handkerchief, and blew his nose, bending down.

"Well, be it so," he said. "But I was thinking that you would have been here longer. Three days—after three years of absence! It is very—it is very little, Eugene."

"I have just told you," said the son, "that I shall come back soon. It is absolutely necessary for me."

"Necessary? Well! we must fulfil our duties before everything. You want me to send for the horses? It is all right, but we did not expect it, mamma and I. She has just asked for some flowers from a neighbour, to decorate your room."

The old man did not add that every morning he went in his naked slippered feet to find the bailiff, and gave him a torn note, which he sought at the bottom of his purse with trembling fingers. This note was for the purchase of various provisions, principally eatables, and the red wine of which the young men consumed so much.

"There is nothing more precious than liberty," he said at last. "that is my principle. One must not restrain people—one must not."

He became suddenly silent, and turned towards the door."

I hope it will be clear from the instances I have cited that pathos lurks more in small things than in great. Analyse the stories I have alluded to, and it will invariably turn out to be the smallest, generally the most material incidents that stir the keenest emotion. And I believe that I am not wrong in asserting that the reason is that the emotion is not complicated by high or tragic issues: it is pure unadulterated pathos, and is therefore infinitely moving. That, I believe:—but the fact that these things should be undeniably pleasurable—that we should take delight, as we undoubtedly do, in such grievous pictures—that is the really hard enigma—an enigma nearly insoluble.

A. C. BENSON.



## The Advance of Industrial Art in Germany.

THE MUNICH EXHIBITION AND ITS LESSONS.

AMONG the various methods which have in recent years been adopted in Germany for raising the standard of trade work, and for extending a knowledge of Industrial Art among the people, Exhibitions have played a conspicuous part.

I do not allude to enormous international shows, such as we in England started in 1851, and which have since been held in various important centres both here and abroad ; but to smaller and less pretentious local exhibitions, in which the industries of the various provinces of a country, or even of groups of neighbouring towns, are offered for comparison, and where the effects of education upon trade may be ascertained.

In the southern provinces of Germany these exhibitions have had an important influence on the development of all classes of industry, and the one held this year at Munich is but the successor of many former ones, there, or at Stuttgart, Augsburg, Nuremberg, or elsewhere in Bavaria, Württemberg, or Baden.

The present Exhibition in Munich consists of two parts which are wisely kept distinct and occupy separate buildings, viz. Pictorial Art—which is international ; and Industrial Art, which is essentially, but comprehensively German ; including, as it does, contributions from the whole Empire, along with Austria and Switzerland.

The Industrial Exhibition is situated just on the outskirts of Munich, on the bank of the river Iser. For the general tourist it has its attractions. The grounds which intervene between the building and the Iser form a pleasant promenade. The foaming river adds variety to the scene, and its waters, white with the melted snows and ice of alpine glaciers, afford the

enormous power required for the supply of electric light, and for forcing the water to the large and beautiful fountains which rise from the midst of the river, and at night are gaily lighted up with divers colours by electricity. The refreshment rooms are large and well-ordered. The flow of Bavarian beer for the thirsty visitor may be aptly compared with that of the water through the fountains—so great is the consumption there of this refreshing national beverage.

The building itself is badly planned, and lacks centralization and judicious combination of parts. This is chiefly owing to the site, which is long, narrow, and irregular in form. The architect has failed to give interest to his edifice, which lacks every feature of grace outside, and within has no *coup d'œil*, such as has been obtained in our own Exhibitions in former years. When I paid my visit, the scene was rendered exceptionally gay by the influx of a crowd of peasants from the mountain villages of Bavaria, who came in all the bright and varied attire of holiday costume. A group of young and good-looking girls from Berchtesgaden, accompanied by male relatives, formed a gay and lively feature in the scene.

For the enterprising tradesman and the student of industrial art the attractions of the Exhibition are great and varied.

There is a wide and extensive variety of manufacturing trades represented, and a great deal of handwork industry, in both of which departments useful instruction may be obtained. Although this is the case, it appears that even in Germany some tradesmen are getting tired of Exhibitions, and are doubtful whether the result of producing their finest works are worth the cost and trouble entailed; for in some departments the exhibits are scanty in quantity, and in others they are below the highest mark which may be found in the shops and ateliers of tradespeople and handicraftsmen by those who know where to look for the best class of productions. It should be noted, however, that the Exhibition was incomplete at the time of my visit, and deficiencies which were then apparent may since have been supplied.

Most branches of trade are, however, well represented, and it is evident, even to the casual observer, that the influence of art-instruction upon industry continues to make satisfactory growth in Germany. Whilst this influence is marked by many good results, it also presents some which are objectionable to our ideas. For, whilst the spirit of art in the designer and skill

in the workman is generally conspicuous, there is a certain limitation of style, which may result either from a special system or school of tuition—unless we must attribute the prevailing tendency to florid Renaissance and Rococo to public taste fostered by royalty in Bavaria, rather than to the guidance of the schools. However this may be, it is well for us in England to note the direct influence which instruction has upon trade in Germany, and to realize that, if we are to retain our share of the art-industries of the world, we can only do so by securing as firm an alliance of art and skill with handicrafts and manufactures as exists there. Our position in this respect is, I believe, more perilous than most persons are ready to admit, but the danger is apparent to those who have watched the steady and continuous development of artistic culture among the artisans and craftsmen of Germany, and compared it with the lethargy and supineness which prevail at home.

The most interesting point about this Exhibition is the introduction of the work of the professors and students at some of the "*Kunst Gewerbe*" schools. These are the higher class of art schools for trade, in which workmen and teachers obtain their final instruction from professors not only well skilled in art, but who thoroughly understand the every-day work of the craftsman and the skilful handling of materials. It is a fact which we in England cannot too soon realize and amend, that our system of imparting art-instruction for the purposes of trade is woefully defective; and that industrial art cannot be taught on paper alone, nor by men who are unskilled in the use of the tools and the materials of trade, and who are deficient in the knowledge of its technicalities, and of the changing requirements of public taste. It will be noticed in the "*Kunst Gewerbe*" schools of Germany, that whilst correct drawing is rigidly enforced, and the principles of light and shade are carefully studied, yet no importance is attached to these elementary subjects as final "results," but they are regarded only as stepping-stones to modelling, and to hand-work upon materials. In English schools the art of modelling in wax and clay (as practised universally in Germany) is almost unknown. The drawing-masters cannot teach it, and many students who would benefit by it, far more than by the elaborate studies on paper which are required under our system, hear nothing about it in the course of their instruction, and finish their art-education in total ignorance of that branch of the subject which is of the

highest importance to the art-workman. Even in those of our schools in which modelling has been recently introduced as a branch of study for a few of the students, it assumes rather the art of the sculptor or of the architectural decorator, than the finer work of the jeweller, the metal-worker, the carver of wood, or the embosser of leather.\*

These branches of trade and many others receive a direct and beneficial influence from the teaching in the German schools, and especially from that important branch (modelling) which to the handicraftsman is the goal of his art-instruction as well as the means by which it is reached. He models in wax or clay at school, in order to become a modeller in metal or wood in trade.

Among the *Kunst Gewerbe* schools represented at this Exhibition I may name especially those at Nuremberg, Carlsruhe, and Pforzheim; also the smaller wood-carving schools at the villages of Berchtesgaden, Partenkirchen, and Ober Ammergau. Although the course of instruction can best be seen by those who can obtain admittance to the schools themselves, yet the observer of these exhibits will readily form an idea of the methods pursued, and of the consistent application of art to the purposes of trade by means of instruction. Some of the professors of industrial art who teach in the schools have exhibits of their own, separate from the school work. Among these must be named Professor Widemann of the *Kunst Gewerbe* school at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Professor Offterdinger of the Industrial Academy at Hanau, and M. Cristaller of the *Kunst Gewerbe* School at Stuttgart. These exhibits represent their work not only as teachers but as designers for the trades. It is a curious but noteworthy fact that all these men who I have named received their early training at the same *Fortbildung* school, in the provincial town of Gmünd in Württemberg.

At this school (one of the best trade schools in Germany) a thorough course of instruction has long been given in modelling and design by skilled professors, and in hand-work upon metals by a clever practical designer. Not only has the trade of Gmünd itself been greatly benefited by means of this school, but its influence, through students who have become teachers

\* The last table of results of Local Advanced Art and Third Grade Examinations in Great Britain gives only 58 students in modelling out of a total of 10,412; and in the examinations in elementary modelling in all the Schools of Art and Art Classes only 353 students were examined in this subject out of a total of 71,500.—(34th Report of the Department of Science and Art, pages 219 and 221.)



or craftsmen, has spread far and wide throughout Germany. Even Munich seeks its apprentices and journeymen from Gmünd, and the peculiar style of cheap jewellery, which is the chief product of this old Swabian town, is popular throughout Bavaria and other German States.

Under the guidance of M. Von Diefenbach, a member of the Central Department for Trade and Industry at Stuttgart, I have had the advantage of making acquaintance with several of the professors who direct industrial-art education in Germany, and am able to appreciate the high order of talent which is employed in this important work. These men are selected for their posts in the various schools, not because they have passed through a certain groove of instruction in elementary art, but because they have already taken rank as designers or handicraftsmen, and are universally acknowledged as men of high ability in their various departments of industrial art. Raised to the rank of Professors of Art, they devote much time to teaching, whilst they continue to work on their own account as designers, &c., having studios or ateliers provided for them within the walls of the schools.

To return to the contents of the Exhibition. It abounds in specimens of work which have received a direct guidance in design from the Professors of Art; and in the facile execution of the finer portions we can trace the influence of technical training upon the workmen.

Metal work stands supreme in its excellence (especially in the higher grades of modelling and chasing) in the exhibits of jewellers and silversmiths.

Carvings in wood and ivory, brass and copper *repoussé*, and embossed leather, are also conspicuously good. The latter art—unknown as a handicraft in England, except as now being introduced in the classes of the Home Arts and Industries Association,—is in Germany and Austria a trade of some importance, and in the hands of men like Albert Feucht of Stuttgart may be held to rank as a fine art.

Porcelain, as represented by the Royal Factories of Meissen and Berlin, leaves nothing to be desired.

Furniture, with a few striking exceptions, is below the best which is produced in England, both in design and comfort.

Woven linen, as regards design and the introduction of varied colour, is as far in advance of us, whilst in quality it does not surpass—even if it equals Belfast. It is, however, to be noted that the introduction of varied colour and excellent design in

common and coarse material, renders it far more attractive to the ordinary purchaser than the cold white of our productions. It is curious that whilst the coloured borders and patterns on linen have become almost universally used in Germany, and are obtaining a large sale in America, they are almost unknown in England, and John Bull still sticks to unsullied white for his table-cloth and towel. Cretonnes of bold and elaborate design from Alsace, as usual, bear away the palm against all comers. In most other textiles we need not fear comparison.

Glass, whilst much cheaper than in England, is far behind us in quality, and even in workmanship and design; but the combination of glass with embossed tin for decanters, liqueur-stands, &c., is a happy thought (a revival of what was formerly done in silver), which English producers might do well to imitate.

As I have already hinted, it is easy to see that the teaching of the schools is in many instances frustrated by the desire to catch the passing taste of the day, and that this tendency may be traced (at least in Bavaria) to the royal follies of the late King Ludwig II. The central point in one portion of the Exhibition is devoted to the display of the costly but tasteless fittings of some of the palaces; and of the huge gilded sledge, decorated in the most florid style of Louis XIV., in which he was wont to travel by moonlight among the gloomy forests of the royal domains.

With regard to the award of merit among the various provinces of Germany which are represented in separate departments in the Exhibition, it is not easy to bestow the palm, as some excel in one branch of industry and others in another. On the whole I feel disposed to give the pre-eminence to the Grand Duchy of Baden, where the beneficial influence of the Industrial Art School of Carlsruhe, under the able instruction of Director Götz, and that of Pforzheim under Director A. Waag, has so large and marked an effect upon the highest artistic productions of its craftsmen and manufacturers.

Many small and remote places are represented at the Exhibition by their wood-carving schools, in which a practical course of instruction is given to the children of peasants, so that they may learn drawing and the practical application of art to their wood-carving. I must also allude to the Art Schools for Females, especially those in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which send their exhibits of needlework, embroidery, and other arts suitable for the busy hands of girls. Having visited one of these

"Frauen Arbeit" schools at Reutlingen in Württemberg, I can answer for the thorough course of drawing which accompanies instruction with the needle.

Taking all these instances, together with the well-known inculcation of elementary instruction in drawing in all early teaching, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that in the various German States, an earnest, I might say a paternal attention, is devoted by the ruling authorities, as well as by private societies (*Kunst Gewerbe Verein*) to the full development of the hand as well as of the brain of the young. They are taught the knowledge of arts which must ensure them against poverty, as well as enabling them to add varied pursuits and employments to fill up spare time and mitigate the drudgery of everyday life in the fields or forests. The possession of these powers and the habits of industry which they promote, have gone far in South Germany to drive away extreme poverty from the homes of the people. Whilst we in England may regret that our trade in many departments of industrial art stands—at present—no chance in competition with them, we may feel gratified by the cosmopolitan reflection that in Germany the people are successfully solving a problem which is bewildering society at home. The remedies which have been adopted do not consist alone in the application of art to workmanship. This feature is but one out of many means, by which habits of perseverance and industry have been implanted in the people. It is, however, an element which tends greatly to the making of skill and industry remunerative.

Why then is it that we in England are so far behind-hand in solving these problems and in applying the remedies, which have long been at work in Germany? With shorter hours of necessary labour for our artizans than they have; with greater wealth among our purchasers; with better means of communication for the transit of goods in almost every part of our country; how is it that we do not create and foster these artistic industries which are producing such beneficial results, not only in the towns but in many rural districts in Germany?

I know from experience among the working people, both urban and rural, in England, that the lack of this class of occupation does not proceed from want of ability in our artizans; as a further proof of this I need only point to the hand-work now being produced throughout England, Scotland and Ireland by the modest efforts of a band of amateur teachers under "the

Home Arts and Industries Association," to show that in all places, whether large or small, where sympathetic and intelligent instruction is given, these small arts and handicrafts may be successfully developed. Take for instance the brass *repoussé* work produced by the classes at Keswick in Westmorland, and Costorphine in Scotland; the modelled pottery at Newton Abbott and the surrounding villages in Devonshire, and at Kirkby Lonsdale in Westmorland; the wood-carving at Stradbally in Ireland, and at many other places in each Kingdom. Consider also Mrs. Ernest Hart's work among the peasants of Donegal, and Mr. Flemings' weaving and embroidery experiment at Langdale. These and many other instances may be cited, where small artistic industries have been created, and prove clearly and irrefutably that wherever kindly and correct instruction is given, there is no lack of willing and able hands to carry it out in good and artistic work. Although these positive results are at present small, the same was the case, at first, in Germany; but if persevered with, they will certainly grow, and as time goes on, one or other of these classes will produce its handicraftsmen who will strike out on their own lines, and will, we may hope, not only become producers of good work, but also teachers of others on similar methods to those on which they have themselves been taught.\*

By this voluntary association, new home arts are being introduced for the profitable employment of the leisure of our working people. These will in time grow into industries, and add to the wealth and prosperity of the country. Already they give pleasurable employment to many, and in some cases enable both youths and men to add substantial sums to their weekly wages, without interfering with their daily work.

But why is it that this movement must be carried on by voluntary and amateur workers, who in most cases have to prepare themselves before they can become teachers? and that it is found well-nigh impossible to find artisans anywhere who can be employed as instructors, when we have a rich and powerful Government Department the *raison d'être* of which is to carry out such work as this on a much larger scale? I mean, to train teachers and to teach art in such a manner as to raise and benefit the industries of the country.

To this question, I believe, the answer must be given, that

\* The Home Arts and Industries Association now has more than 200 classes in operation, with upwards of 4000 students.

the methods of teaching adopted do not commend themselves to our traders and artisans. The results aimed at and paid for, are not those which are required in order that the industries of the country may be beneficially affected. The system is too much mixed up with pictorial art, and the methods pursued are so wearisome and inconsequent, that all the freshness and vigour of art are squeezed out of the students in pursuing them. The system of "payment by specified results" is fatal to those results which are most to be desired. The training of teachers for industrial art is founded on erroneous lines, and until the system is remodelled, no great improvements can be effected. Even the Director of Art at South Kensington bewails that the Department "can do little to foster those small industries from which alone really artistic work can be looked for." \*

In reply to this regret, I can only say that if the methods of instruction were adapted to the requirements of the workman, these artistic industries\* could easily be influenced in a right direction. It is impossible to teach industrial art upon paper alone. It is equally impossible to produce satisfactory results whilst money grants or prizes are the goal aimed at by both teachers and students.

Central examinations are in many respects undesirable, and are (in my opinion) useless. Each locality, be it urban or rural, has its own needs and requirements, and must work up to them, and not be placed in competition with other centres, where these needs are of an altogether different character. A system based on this idea would not exclude examination from a centre, but it must proceed upon local and special requirements, and not upon a general comparison of results, beyond such as a highly skilled examiner would know how to apply to each case in judging of the general efficiency of tuition.

In Germany it has been found necessary in the higher schools for industrial art to adapt the teaching *entirely* to that branch, as distinct from picture-painting and sculpture, and to limit the admittance of students to these schools to youths and men engaged in trade, and who seek instruction with the specific object of improvement as skilled artificers or designers. By this means the strong temptation to stray away into the enticing paths of pictorial art is overcome, and a steady aim towards industrial art is preserved both by teachers and students. If English prejudice in favour of a mixed course, and of a system

\* 33rd Report, Science and Art Department, page 77.



of payment by results for art-teaching, is too strong to be entirely overcome, there does not appear to be any good reason why this practical class of Kunst Gewerbe schools should not be added to the system, for the separate use of those students who have to depend upon their art for their living, and who seek improvement and wage-earning knowledge as the result of their studies, and not medals and prizes.

The number of students who would be able to avail themselves of schools of this description is not very large, and the expense of providing grants for the tuition of—say 1000 students—throughout the kingdom, would not be too great for the department to undertake.

Whilst alluding to what may and ought to be done by the department, I am well aware that there is another side to the question, and that is the apathy (I had almost said ignorance) of those who have the greatest interest in it, I mean the English traders. Whilst they are content to obtain their designs from abroad, or to place the art departments of their works in the hands of foreigners; whilst they neglect to look after the tuition in the schools, and offer no inducements to clever students to become of practical use to the trader; whilst the designer is ignored as an individuality, and his name not visibly connected with his work, whilst his status remains little more than that of a superior artizan, we cannot hope to see our art design placed upon the footing which it occupies in other countries. In the Catalogue of the Munich Exhibition to each work of importance are attached the names not only of the exhibitor, but of the designer, and sometimes of the modeller and chaser. Thus merit throughout is publicly acknowledged.

Where great talent is evinced, the title of Professor is awarded, and the status of the designer for trade is thus raised to a level with, or superior to, the picture-painter.

Such Exhibitions as that now being held at Munich are interesting to any to visit, and are instructive to the student of industrial art. But they are of no practical use to us, unless we derive from them lessons for our own improvement.

What is being done in Germany, in France, in Italy (as shown in the Italian Exhibition in London), and elsewhere, may quite easily be done in Great Britain, if we are willing to throw off some of our insular prejudices, and to follow the methods which those countries have adopted.

ALFRED HARRIS.

## A Good Old Family,

---

### CHAPTER I.

"WELL, George, are you going on all night, scratch, scratch, with that weary pen? Have you nothing at all to tell me? You've been out the whole day, and when you come in it is just to eat your dinner, and then sit down to write; and you haven't a word to say, or a thing to tell me. Here I've been left all alone in this dull place, with nothing to do, and no one to talk to, while you've been away—amusing yourself, I suppose!"

"If you call amusing myself listening to complaints from tenants, and wrangling over the price of that last lot of bullocks, it's more than I do. I've been out in the cutting wind all day, hearing of nothing but troubles, and when I get home my wife wants amusing conversation! I should like to know how you would feel, if you'd changed places with me, instead of sitting all day, as I suppose you've done, with your feet on the fender, drinking tea and reading novels."

"Don't be so cross, old boy! I didn't know you'd been bothered. I can't think why you let those horrid farmers worry you so. Why don't you send them away and get some nice, civil new ones? I am sure I wouldn't keep any servant in my house who spoke to me as I heard Robinson speaking to you yesterday. Why, he dared to be quite angry with you because his stable-roof had fallen in, or some little trifle of that sort—and you just stood—and didn't even swear, or say half as much as you often say to the cook, at least as you tell me to say to her; I doubt if you would do it yourself——"

"Oh, Sylvia, Sylvia! you don't understand the situation. You could get fifty cooks better than yours; why, she can't even cook a decent omelet; but I couldn't get another tenant as

solvent and as good a farmer as Robinson. I must keep him in good-humour if possible; besides, I ought to have seen to that stable-roof, I knew it was rotten. If only I'd had the coin I would have put it right a year ago. However, there's no use talking to you about that, little woman, for I believe you don't know a roof from a floor."

"George, how dare you! I'm not a fool. Surely you remember how much trouble I took to get you to alter the roof of this room, and take down those dingy oak beams, and put up something gold! I can't see why Robinson should expect you to give him a stable-roof, when you won't alter the room you live in."

"A ceiling is not a roof; and, though you may not think so, it is of considerably less importance; but never mind that. I'm tired of it all, and I'll put away the plans for a bit, and you can tell me what you've been about all day; that will be a pleasant change. How pretty you look, darling, in that gown! Did Lucy make it?"

"Lucy, you dear old goose! I may not know much about roofs, but certainly you know less about clothes. Why, I put this new gown on to show you, it comes from Madame Tropicère, no less! Do you like it?"

"Very much; it is so simple, and suits your hair and figure to perfection. I wonder you don't get all your things from her."

"Talk of the inconsistency of women! a man beats them any day. Why, George, you are always scolding me—no, not exactly scolding, but preaching to me about economy, and here you are advising me to buy my clothes from Madame Tropicère! I will gladly, if you give me—well, about three times as much money to dress on as you do now. Lucy could make me four or five gowns for the price of this 'simple' one, as you call it. All the same, I am very glad you like me in it."

Certainly, Sylvia Gresham was a very dainty sight for any one as she lay back lazily in a deep-cushioned velvet chair; one of those "ear" chairs, devised by our forefathers to keep off draughts, afterwards relegated to the garret, and since then disinterred by a more discriminating and more luxurious generation. Sylvia was not a regularly pretty woman, she owed her looks more to her dress and surroundings than to her features, and yet, as she sat there, backed by the dark olive-green velvet chair, with the fire-light dancing on her soft cream draperies, and on the old lace which harmonized so well with

her rather colourless complexion and lovely flaxen hair, she looked a far prettier woman than many others who have, perhaps, a more regular claim to the title of beauty.

Few of us realize how much we owe to our surroundings ; not perhaps to dress in itself, though that goes far, and the old adage of "beauty unadorned" is an exploded one. The indescribable atmosphere of taste and refinement which envelops the home of a country gentleman, enhances a thousand-fold the charms of the otherwise perhaps rather insignificant *châtelaine* who presides over it all.

A sense of comfort, of luxury, of beauty, and the general fitness of things to what is required of them ; a glamour which comes from an old-time sentiment, and which has little if anything in common with the advance of progress, steals imperceptibly over us as we look lovingly at our old-fashioned country houses. Here is a place which for many generations has been a "home," and which by love and association has become in itself the centre and mainspring of many of its owner's actions ; the heart's core, as it were, from which flow all the life, and hope, and desires of generations, past, present, and to come. Here stands the iron-bound trunk of the tree planted to commemorate the visit of a sovereign dead centuries ago ; close by yawns the well, down which, tradition has it, the family plate was stored when civil wars devastated the land ; in the thickness of the wall is the room where the family priest was found and killed as he knelt in prayer, and whence even now are said to issue sounds of murder and of strife. Here is the "loving cup," engraved on which are the marriages of members of the family since 1603. Here is grandfather's favourite seat, hewn out of a thick old yew ; and there hangs Uncle William's sword, with which he slew his thousands in the Peninsular War. In that sheltered corner are the "children's own gardens ;" the old horse's grave ; the countless little mementoes of love and life, known and cherished by those whose home this has always been.

"It is all sentiment, and of no practical value."

Well, that is true enough. Better perhaps plough up the terraced gardens ; cut down the yews for firewood ; sell the plate ; exterminate the ghost ; and do away with everything which does not bring in its clear money-value. The family pictures are not by "masters ;" they would fetch nothing, still—they harbour dust, and need another servant to keep them clean.

The china is good, and will sell at Christie's ; so pack it up, and off with it while the fashion serves. Those old liveries, and relics of grandfather's and grandmother's wardrobes have their price ; sweep away all useless rubbish, and put things on a new footing. Oh, ye practical advisers ! It may be that your words are words of wisdom ; but even so, if there was nothing more to be got out of life than its precise money-value, there still are, thank God ! different ideas of what "value" is.

George Gresham was a strange mixture of prudence and sentiment, of practical theories and theoretical practice. As a Captain in a Highland regiment quartered in the Channel Islands, he had fallen in love with Sylvia, the only daughter of Colonel Matheson, also quartered in those sunny isles—those pleasant places, where love in idleness is perhaps one of the gravest military duties expected from our gallant soldiers. After a brief courtship George and Sylvia married, knowing about as much of each other's characters and dispositions as can be learnt in a couple of months of picnics, Cinderella dances, and such like amusements. Their honeymoon was cut short by the illness of George's father ; on the death of the old Squire, George sent in his papers, and he and his wife went to live at Beauchamp Abbey, the old family place.

When George succeeded, he found that the estate had been very heavily "dipped," and that, when his mother's jointure was paid, and his younger brother and sister provided for, there was but little left to live on.

As long as his father was alive George had always had a good allowance, and had never thought much about money, one way or other. In his regiment he was spoken of as a rich young fellow with prospects, and when he married Sylvia, the daughter of an officer who had little beside his pay, it was thought that she had made a very good match.

No one seeing the grand old park, and pleasant gardens, and comfortable house of Beauchamp Abbey, could have guessed that its owner was often more pinched for want of a few pounds of ready money than many another who lived without any of this apparent luxury and beauty.

"George," asked his wife, "when are you going to replace the pair of bays you sold? You're a long time about it ; I don't believe you are looking for anything. When we begin to fill the house we shall be very short of horses."



"Lucky if we are not short of something besides our second pair of horses! However, time enough; I don't know any old crocks to suit us just at present, and we can wait."

"Oh, well, I suppose we can manage without them for a while longer, but I can't manage without a new carpet for the drawing-room instead of this shabby old thing, and I want some more comfortable arm-chairs, and some odds and ends. However, we can choose all those things when your mother's visit is over, and we take a run up to London, and perhaps to Paris. Count Franconia told me of a shop on the Boulevard which had lovely brocades, and things like that. We might go over and look about us before we decide."

"Time enough for that yet; we may have to live at Boulogne some day, and you can choose your brocades better from there, young woman; however, don't let us talk any more, it's time for you to go to bed."

## CHAPTER II.

A bright April sun was streaming into the dining-room window of Beauchamp Abbey; the birds were twittering a morning greeting, and hopping about expectant of crumbs; and the Louis XV. clock on the mantelpiece was striking ten when Sylvia and George sat down to breakfast. On the table in a clear crystal vase was a lovely bouquet of La France hot-house roses and lily of the valley from the same favoured spot. The old silver urn hissed and spat itself out in a little spray of boiling rage at the lateness of the hour; dainty rolls and delicious little dishes tempted the morning appetite, and rows of newspapers and letters lay on the side-table waiting to be opened.

"What a nice lot of letters! I hope there is one from Kitty. I want to hear which Drawing-room she is going to—we always meant to go together," said Sylvia, as she turned over letter after letter. "Yes, here it is—Thursday, 2nd May—and this is the 15th of April—I must write to Madame Tropicère this morning. And here's an invitation to Southam; shall we go, George? It's not very amusing, they think of nothing but shorthorns, but you might like it. Shall I accept? Oh no, I forgot; your mother is coming, and after her visit we'll be off to London, so we can consider Southam as decided against. Here's a letter wanting money—some poor woman, seen better days—you'd better

answer that. I've finished all that money you gave me ; by-the-way, I'll want some more, George."

George had been silent but not unoccupied during all Sylvia's prattle, and now he only said gruffly, "When you've quite done chattering you might give me some tea," and then went on opening his letters.

"Havn't you anything amusing to tell me out of all that pile ? Oh no, you never hear from any one interesting—just tenants—and bills, and stupid lawyer's letters ! Here's your tea, you grumpy old thing ! the post never seems to be any pleasure to you. I don't know what I'd do without my letters, and gossip, and patterns in this dull place, but you don't seem to care to hear my news, and you don't understand patterns. Poor old George ! I can't imagine how you get through the long day without anything to amuse you."

"Letters indeed ! if I could insure not getting any post for the next two years I should be grateful. Here's another communication from Robinson ; he wants the Clayholes meadow drained. I must go and see about that. It seems to me it was drained only a few years ago—all wrong, I suppose, like the rest of the things."

"Draining ! Well you always say that I don't understand economy, but I am sure the money you spend on draining is dreadful ; one might buy all sorts of thing with it. Now this meadow, what does he want to drain it for ? surely it can do quite well without sticking it full of terra-cotta pipes ? much better paint them and stick them up in Robinson's hall to hold his wet umbrellas. But seriously, George dear, how much will it cost to buy the pipes for the meadow ?"

"Oh I don't know ; they have to be laid, you know, besides being bought. Perhaps £100 ; I don't remember the exact acreage."

"A hundred pounds ! you don't mean it. You don't really mean you are going to let Mr. Robinson persuade you to bury, positively bury, a whole hundred pounds in a field ? Oh please, dear, don't be so extravagant, please, dear George ! Why you said you were 'hard up,' and you begged me not to ask you to give me that pretty sapphire brooch, which only cost £85. I do think, George, you must be just like that man in the Bible, who went and buried his talent in a napkin in the ground. Oh, please don't be so reckless ! A hundred pounds is such a nice lot of money ; I could do quantities of things with it better

than that, my Drawing-room gown—oh! and heaps of things besides.”

“Dear child, you don’t know what you’re talking about, and you are delaying me. Go off and get things ready for mother. Remember she likes the Blue-room—it’s warm. I shall not be back before she comes, so good-bye, little woman, take care of yourself, and keep amused.”

“Keep amused,” thought Sylvia, as she yawned and stretched herself out on the sofa some hours later. “That’s all very well, but what is to amuse me now till mother comes? I’ve done the flowers, and ordered dinner, and written to Kitty, and taken some pudding to old Maggie at the lodge, and strolled through the hot-houses, and I haven’t got a decent book to read, and how can I amuse myself? Why doesn’t some one come to call? I think there is hardly any one who *could* come to call. The Brookes are away—and the Hills have got scarlatina—and the Browns are odious! Well it’s a horrid dull life; I think I hate the country except in summer, when there are lots of people, and tennis, and picnics, and parties. I’ll just go to sleep for half an hour, I think, and then it will be tea-time, and she will be arriving.” On which Sylvia cuddled her fluffy fair head into a huge crimson-brocaded cushion, and for a time lost all remembrance of her hard, dull lot.

The clang of the door-bell awoke the mistress of the house to a sense of her position and her duties, and jumping up, she had just time to arrange her hair and dress before a quaint old Chippendale looking-glass, when the door was thrown open, and the butler announced “Lady Mary Gresham.”

“Dear mother, how glad I am to see you—oh it is so nice to see a woman again! You know George is a dear, but one does long for a woman so much! Are you tired? Bring tea, Philipps.—Will you go to your room first? what would you like best to do?”

As Sylvia hurried on with question after question, and comment upon comment, she at the same time flitted restlessly about the room, fidgeting with the ornaments, resettling the flowers in the vases, poking the already hot fire, and generally imparting a feeling of hurry and restlessness to the newly-arrived guest.

“Come here, dear, and sit down quietly, and talk to me. After tea I will go upstairs and rest, but first I should like to know from you something about George before I see him. His letters are so depressed and so unlike himself. Is he well? I

need not ask if he is happy," and as she spoke, Lady Mary's lovely picturesque face looked tenderly at Sylvia, who had at last settled down on a stool at the elder woman's feet.

They were a strange contrast ; Sylvia so slight, so fair, so young, with quick restless ways like a bird ; the mother so calm, and dignified, her beautiful silver hair contrasting with a perfectly pure, clear, almost youthful complexion, and tender dark-grey eyes. She seemed in manner, voice, and appearance to embody the perfect ideal of middle-age.

"Is George ill? Oh no, certainly not. He is out all day, and he is very particular about his dinner, and he smokes a great deal, and he never complains of anything, I mean headaches or things like that. I don't know why he should be depressed, perhaps because the hunting is over, and he has settled, I forget why, to give up rearing pheasants. But there's nothing the matter with George, you'll see that yourself when he comes in. He's getting a little fat, perhaps that's what depresses him—he hates to weigh over thirteen stone, and I know he is a little fatter since the hunting season ended."

"Well, dear, I think now I will go to my room and rest."

"Yes, dear mother, you must rest before George comes to you, which he is sure to do the minute he gets home. He had to go to Ashtown to see his man of business; so tiresome and unnecessary when you were coming! You are in the Blue room—George said you liked it best."

And opening the door, Sylvia and Lady Mary entered a wainscoted room, painted blue, and hung with faded blue-silk curtains, through the deep oriel windows of which the setting sun flooded every corner with light. A sofa in front of the fire, with soft Indian silk cushions and eider-down quilt, looked inviting, and Sylvia, giving Lady Mary a butterfly kiss on her hand, left the room. Half an hour later George tapped gently at the door.

"Mother, it is I—can you see me?" but without waiting he entered as he spoke.

"My boy, my own dear son!" was his answer, as they met in a long, tender embrace.

"Dearest mother, you are resting, and I will not disturb you. I only looked in to make sure of you—to be absolutely certain that my dear mother was really and truly here."

"Stay with me, George, if you can; it seems so long since we had a real good talk, I don't feel as if I knew anything about

you. You don't write what you feel, and though I cannot help reading between the lines of your letters, I hope I often read wrong. I have been reading worry or trouble of some sort between the lines lately—have I been wrong? Tell me about it, if I can help you,—but not if silence is best."

"No, mother darling, silence is never best with you, because you know how to keep that silence; but indeed I don't know where to begin and tell you what is wrong—everything, I think."

"Everything is surely a little too much, but tell me part of the everything. I can guess some, I fear. Is it money?"

"Yes, I suppose I may say that it is the want of it which is the root of all evil. Everything is so dreadfully expensive, and neither Sylvia nor I are good hands at economy. I can't think how father and you managed, everything always seemed all right, and one heard nothing about money—now it is money, money! all day long. I don't seem to have any, or to be able to get anything I really want."

"You must remember your father and I had more money than you have; there is my money which I now have, and which is tied up on your sister, that was always a great help, and besides, latterly when the rents went down your father was a good deal harassed about money matters. Then you forget that unfortunate Red Wood Company. I am glad to say your father was too ill to realize, or be worried by that terrible swindle, but still altogether, George, you must be some thousands a year poorer than we were. I wish I could have given you some of my own money; but, as you know, it is none too much for us to live on, and after my death it goes to Olivia."

"Don't think of that, dearest; I would not have it if I could, now or in that future which, please God! is a long way off. Oh mother, mother! what could I do without you? There is no one in the wide world who will ever be to me what you are, and have always been," and George tenderly, almost reverently, lifted the hand which was lying in his own and laid it on his lips.

"How hot your lips are, my boy! what is it? Something special is troubling you now—can't you tell me?"

"It is nothing very special, only this miserable want of money which seems to come into everything. Here is Sylvia mad to go to London to the next Drawing-room, and to enjoy herself—and possibly go to Paris for furniture, and get all sorts of expen-



sive things. Poor little woman! she is so set on it, I can't bear to disappoint her; and yet—I really don't know where to get the money."

"Explain to her; she will not want to go when she understands. Have you told her about it?"

"Oh well, I've tried 'to; but she knows less than nothing about the country and country ways—and estate duties, and so on, and she can't understand that I have money for all that, and yet none for her—no wonder, I don't understand it myself. I'm supposed to have a good many thousands a year, and yet it seems impossible to realize as many hundreds."

"But if you get Sylvia to pay attention, I am sure she will understand. She is bright and quick, and if you and she put your heads together, you might evolve some less expensive way of living here."

"Ah, there's the rub! Sylvia thought it would be delightful to live in the country, in a nice old country house, 'one of the good old county families:' that didn't mean to her anything but the country from July till January, with the house full of pleasant people, lots of horses, flowers, fruit, all the sort of things we used to think came of themselves. The country, *per se*, seems to produce nothing—certainly not from Sylvia's point of view; for there's neither society—neither the milk nor the honey without the wherewithal to pay for it. Well, I don't think we're fitted for the country; you must come and live with us, mother, and teach us the way."

"My dear boy, do not look so sad; a little experience will put it all right. I daresay you feel rather at a loss yourself when you meet your tenants, and they tell you their requirements. The ignorance is not all on Sylvia's side, now is it?"

"You're about right there. I think I hate it all—no, perhaps I don't actually hate it—but I understand nothing about it. I could tackle it all, though,—leases, covered courts, and even economy,—if only Sylvia was happy; but I confess I feel like a brute when I refuse what she seems to take for granted I will gladly give. And so I would if I had it to give. Only a few days ago, poor little woman! she wanted a brooch most awfully; it had struck her fancy; and she was hurt, I could see, that I didn't give it to her. Then the horses, and the carpets, and so on; it's all quite natural; she expected them as part of the bargain of being a country squire's wife."

"George, do not speak of bargain and wife in the same breath! That is not like you."

"Nothing is like me, mother. I don't seem able to do anything right here. If only I had stuck to soldiering and not sold out, I should at least have had an occupation I was fit for."

"But, dear, your duty lay here; the place was waiting for you, and by-and-bye you will grow to understand, and I think to care for, all that will lie to your hand to do in your new position. I know it is all strange and new, and therefore difficult and irksome, but it will all come to you if you will only try. Do you remember, dearest, your own old slang term, 'stick to it'? well, think of that now and act on it."

"But Sylvia, mother, Sylvia—what of her? Can I expect her to sit down here and what she calls 'waste her youth' with the cows and the pigs and the tenants? I believe this is just about the way she would class them. I know so little myself, only coming back as I did in my leave to shoot or hunt, and let all the work fall on my father and you. I know so little how to help her to like the life: you must remember that she has been always used to society, and has been her father's spoilt child. No, no; I cannot and I will not keep her down here with nothing to amuse her, but how to do otherwise I don't yet see. I have given up rearing pheasants, I suppose I must give up hunting, but—even then——"

"Then, if you really do not mean to live here, you have two other resources. You can let—or sell the place."

"Let the place! sell Beauchamp Abbey! Why, mother, are you taking leave of your senses? Why, mother—oh, mother, you are crying! How could I do it, dearest? How could you think of it? Our dear old home full of strangers! No, no, there must be—there shall be some other plan."

"It was foolish of me, George, for why not? Indeed it would be better so, if you do not mean to live here. You might let it to some one with a view to selling it afterwards. I know how burdened it is, and you know I feel very strongly about leaving a place empty, and not doing all one can by it and for it; it seems such waste of all its beauty, not to speak of the good of all those who live on and round the place."

"I couldn't do it, mother, unless some worse thing happens. Why I love every stone, every bush; I almost think every bird and beast on the place. And the old servants, what would they

do? I'm not brave enough even to think of it. Let us talk of something else now—something less sad. Do you ever see Marcia now?"

"Marcia Portmore? of course I do sometimes, but not often. Why do you ask about her? you know she is no favourite of mine."

"Ah, mother! and for whose sake did she lose her place in your heart? I know you loved her dearly till she went near to breaking your boy's heart. Can't you forgive her yet? I forgave her long ago."

"I can never forget that pain, even though you are married now, and Sylvia is your dear wife. Poor Marcia! she very soon had to give up what she married for, and become a dowager. However, I fancy she is well left, which will repay her for a couple of years' slavery to that horrid, ill-tempered old man. Dear George, I am so glad that things are as they are, and that she met Lord Portmore when she did! I think that I can forgive her, now that you are married."

"Well, I suppose I can't expect you to say more. But I must leave you now, it is close upon dinner-time. We might talk for ever, mother, you and I, and never get to the end of all we want to say."

People who met George Gresham in society would have thought of him as a strong-minded, self-contained, reticent man, with but little sentiment, and with absolutely "no nonsense" about him. Certainly few would have thought that deep down, concealed beneath apparent indifference to the opinions of those who surrounded him, lay a sensitive, easily-depressed, and most tender nature, a nature which only required the touch of real sympathy to develop and bring out all that was best and noblest in his character.

The one person so far in his life who knew all the hidden depths of his nature was his mother.

She knew better than he did that Sylvia's influence was altogether an outside one; that she had no power to touch his real heart; and that though he was very fond of her, and admired her bright ways and happy nature, yet if any real trouble came, it would not be to her that he would turn for help or sympathy.

## CHAPTER III.

"Letters by the second post, sir;" and the butler handed his master a most miscellaneous assortment of papers piled high on a silver tray.

"Botheration!" said George, as he flung down his novel, "who wants a second post in the country? However, as it's here, I suppose it must be attended to. Don't look very inviting—circulars from seedsmen and manure merchants—offers of loans of money in crested envelopes—tailor's bill, to 'account rendered'—plumber's ditto, that can wait, he's sure to be back soon to add to it. Hallo! here's a letter from Sylvia. I didn't expect to hear from her by this post.

"DEAREST GEORGE,—You would see by my telegram that I got all safe to London, and since then I have been too busy to write. That horrid Madame Trenchère made my gown so tight, I couldn't squeeze into it—such a bother I had to get it ready for the Drawing-room! However, it did come home in time, and every one said it was most becoming. I wish you had been here to see me. Kitty Chatterton has such a nice house, and everything very comfortable, except that her husband is very tiresome and *exigeant*; he is always objecting to her friends, and to the places she goes to. He is a horrid, selfish man, and just because society bores him, he thinks it ought to bore her too. However, now I am here with her, we manage—and we're going to have some fun to-night. I'll tell you all about it afterwards. Mr. Chatterton doesn't know, and Kitty said I was to say nothing about it. There's no place like London. You must come up soon, dear George! and we'll have lots of fun of our own. I have seen a dear little nutshell of a house in Mayfair, which I have nearly settled on taking. Kitty says it would be the very thing for us, and that it would never do to come only to an hotel, as you proposed. Good-bye, dear old George! I hope to see you soon. You must be getting quite woolly all alone in the country—don't you begin to feel the wool growing on your back?

'Your affectionate wife,

'SYLVIA.'

"Now what sort of a place is that wild woman, Lady Kitty, going to take Sylvia to? I ought not to leave her there. And a house in town! The workhouse would be much more likely."

George hastily scribbled a telegram to Lady Katharine Chatterton. 'Will dine with you to-night, if you will have me. Reply to Lowndes Square.' "I must get Sylvia away from

there as soon as I decently can. She won't get much good out of Lady Kitty, pleasant company though she may be."

Eight-thirty that evening found George in Cadogan Place, shaking hands with host and hostess, and having a Maréchal Niel rose pinned into his buttonhole by his wife. "It is very good of you to take me at short notice, Lady Katharine. I hope you are alone, and that I am not spoiling one of your pleasant little parties."

"Not at all, Mr. Gresham, we are always glad of another man. I might not have answered your telegram with so much pleasure had you been one of the other sex," said Lady Katharine, with a light laugh. "As it is, we have a few people to dinner, but—I think you know most of them."

Her attention wandered from George before the sentence was finished, and she looked towards the door, which was at that moment thrown open, and Lord Thomas Westerton and Mr. Cyril Chester announced.

"How do you do, Lord Thomas?" said Mr. Chatterton rather stiffly, as he stood with his legs wide apart on the hearth-rug; "how are you, Chester?" more pleasantly to the young fellow who had followed Lord Thomas Westerton into the room.

"Why are we waiting? Do you know who else is coming to dinner, Sylvia?" whispered George. "The pangs of hunger are upon me—I had only a sandwich for luncheon."

"I don't know, it's all impromptu, and I didn't see Kitty after she got your telegram. Perhaps she has forgotten about dinner—was it announced?"

Certainly Lady Kitty looked as if dinner was a thing of no account whatsoever, as she leaned back in her corner, and lazily flapped a large feather fan, so as to conceal her face from all except Lord Thomas, who, seated on the couch beside her, seemed deep in some very private conversation. Mr. Chatterton was, however, not lost to all sense of time and space, and glancing rather grimly at his wife with his hand on the bell, he said, "Katharine, are we all present? Shall I ring for dinner?"

"No, stop, I had forgotten," she said, rising from her seat with a faint blush. "Here she comes!"

At this moment the butler announced "Lady Portmore," and a beautiful woman swept with silken rustle into the room. Lady Portmore was very tall and large, of the order of grand women. There was nothing ethereal in her beauty; indeed, it seemed to



bear about it a certain aroma of earthliness ; a loveliness belonging exclusively to this outer world. Her dark hair was coiled in fold upon fold round a small, shapely head. Her skin was like cream, with the peculiar tint belonging to those rare complexions which neither sea nor sun ever tan, and which no heat ever flushes or freckles. Her large, very light grey eyes were surrounded by almost jet black rings separating the iris from the blue-white round it. They were eyes which seemed to expand and contract with every change of voice and expression, eyes which bespoke a temperament of extraordinary excitability. Her dress of some deep red silken stuff gleamed with oriental embroidery of rich, though subdued tones, and in her hand she carried a spray of magnolia, flower and bud set off with its own, great dark glossy leaves, and unarranged in any formal fashion.

"I trust I am not very late. May I hope to be forgiven?" she said, as she took Mr. Chatterton's arm, and they went down to dinner.

"Mr. Chester, will you take Mrs. Gresham? Mr. Gresham, I am so sorry I have no lady specially for you, but will you sit next to Lady Portmore, you are old friends? Lord Thomas, I thus fall to your share." So saying, Lady Katharine marshalled her guests down to her pretty dining-room, with its round table, waxen candles, lovely flowers, and, best of all, excellent cuisine.

George would have given a good deal to be out of his present position. He had never met his cousin since her marriage and his own ; never seen her since the day he had gone to her full of joy and hope, and had returned—not having indeed risked all, but having, as he thought, convinced himself of the futility of his dearest wishes. He did not suppose he had any sentiment left about Marcia, since she had so quickly proved herself in his eyes a thoroughly self-seeking woman of the world, while he had found one so much better to his liking ; as he settled himself in his chair he glanced across at his pretty young wife, who was looking her best that night in a delicate *confection* of cream-colour and yellow. But still—in his secret heart he was afraid to trust himself, afraid of the old glamour, afraid of old memories, afraid of the strange, almost uncanny influence which this beautiful woman seemed to have the power of casting over him like a spider's web ; so thin as to be almost invisible, and yet so dazzling, so bewildering, so blinding ! For George was not a morally strong man ; few men are who are at once sensitive and

sympathetic ; he hated to hurt any one ; loathed a scene ; and would rather have borne any amount of physical pain, than be distressed, or distress any one by a few hours of mental torture. He would, if possible, have avoided all risk of raking up thoughts and remembrances over which time and absence had swept their obliterating hands.

Lady Portmore's nature was the exact opposite. It might almost be said she courted pain. She would do anything for excitement, painful or pleasant ; and she rarely looked beyond the present hour, or counted the cost of any of her rash acts or speeches. In fact she was so excitable, that all was forgotten except the wild passion of pain or enjoyment which at the moment was the whole world to her. Those who saw her kneeling in church, with her great grey eyes covered with their heavy deep-fringed lids, or singing with all her heart and voice some hymn which carried her excitable soul away to realms of glory, would unhesitatingly have called her an angel ; and those, again, who had suffered deeply from her uncontrolled passions and tempers, would have been more likely to apply to her the opposite term.

"You must present me to your wife after dinner. I don't know that you are aware of it, but we have never met," Marcia said, glancing as she spoke at Sylvia, and altogether ignoring her host, who was trying to find out her opinion on the state of London weather during the past week.

"No, I forgot you did not know her. But how ridiculous it is that you and my wife should require a formal introduction, when both of you know all about each other perfectly well !"

"Possibly too well," Marcia said, as she lifted her magnolia to her face, and looked at George over the top of its creamy petals. "Is that what you mean ?"

He flushed uneasily, but said nothing.

"Do you remember how fond you used to be of magnolias ?" she said. "You used to say I was to you the embodiment of the flower. It was a pretty speech, and I presume meaninglessly as it was pretty. I daresay you even forget what a magnolia is like, though I got this on purpose to-night with great difficulty ;" and she laid the magnolia down between herself and him, so that the powerful heavy odour could not fail to make itself felt by him.

As by a flash of sudden lightning, his memory recalled a sunny garden, a large old standard magnolia-tree covered with

blossom, under the shadow of which lounged the lovely woman who was now sitting by his side. It was a momentary vision ; but it dazzled his senses and quickened his pulse, and it was with heightened colour and a strange gleam in his grey-blue eyes that he turned, and for the first time looked his cousin full in the face. One quick glance she gave him, and her eyes dropped, while the lace on her bosom rose and fell less regularly than it was wont to do ; then she turned to her host and began to talk, as if her other neighbour were non-existent. George would have liked to speak—he longed to tell her that another, fairer flower had taken the magnolia's place, but he was tongue-tied—and still the flower lay there, breathing out its subtle sweetness—lying there at his touch, cool and fresh and fragrant. Lovely as it was, he longed to push it to the ground, to let the servants, as if accidentally, tread it under foot ; but as the thought entered his mind, a sudden flood of old-time feeling took possession of him ; he, strong man as he was, felt sick and giddy, and he hardly knew what reply he was making to a remark from his neighbour on the other side.

"You look as if you were in a trance, Mr. Gresham. I hope you are not an esoteric Buddhist. You have refused my husband's best wine, and now you are letting my celebrated *ortolans à l'aurore* pass you by. I cannot allow that. Take that dish back to Mr. Gresham," said Lady Katharine to the servant. "I insist on your eating this *chef d'œuvre* of my cook's. He would be much hurt otherwise."

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner, Lady Portmore was making her adieux to her hostess.

"I am sorry you must go so soon, but of course if you have to dress for that smart affair at Exmoor House, you will not have too much time. I suppose the Duchess doesn't think I am distinguished enough to meet the German Royalties," Lady Katharine said rather bitterly ; for though she affected to despise stately parties and stiff houses, she yet felt hurt at being deprived of all chance of accepting or refusing invitations to them. "I think the Duchess has disapproved of me since I became a member of the Passo Tempo Club."

"Well you know she is essentially not of the nineteenth century. She still thinks women should be seen, not heard, and she does not know you well enough to individualize," Lady Portmore said civilly.

She was well aware that, even if Lady Katharine had not been a member of the newest and fastest Club, the Duchess of Olborough would never have consented to have known her. There was what people call "no harm" in Lady Katharine; but she piqued herself on being "original," without possessing one scrap of originality, and therefore, to keep up the illusion, her actions and conversation were forced into a loud, contradictory, self-sufficient and oppressively egotistical current. Her bright colour and rather highly pitched tone of voice served to emphasise an already too pronounced style of talk and behaviour.

"Well, if you must go, it is kindest to speed the parting guest. Mr. Gresham, I see my husband is engrossed in a political conversation, so I will ask you to see Lady Portmore downstairs. You will overlook it, I hope, in the good of the nation, with a big N."

"Good night, Mr. Chatterton; my cousin will see me safely to my carriage;" and Marcia turned to George with a look of expectancy. He gave her his arm, and silently they walked together down the broad stairs. At the foot there was a curtained ante-room filled with pots of palms, Eastern hangings, screens, and seats.

"My cloak is here," she said; "you need not send for the servant. Come inside, George, and put it on out of the draught."

He followed her, still without speaking. Swiftly she turned round, and held out both hands.

"George, George!" she breathed—"George, are you glad to see me?"

She spoke so low that he guessed rather than heard the words. The dark flush rose in his face as he took her two white hands in his.

"George, we are cousins still—friends still—you will come and see me?" and she looked up into his face with a light shining in hers, a light which seemed to kindle a reflected flame in his usually calm grey eyes. "George, I am so lonely; I have no one to help me in anything—no father, no mother, no brother——"

"And no husband!" George murmured, almost to himself.

"Husband? No, thank heaven! that is over," she said, as she fiercely withdrew her hands from his. "But I forgot—if I have no husband, that is not to say that you have no wife. You must ask her if you may come to me, I suppose? I forgot that you are not as free as I am."

"As free, but not as lonely," George said, rather stiffly. "My wife never interferes with my movements; she is very generous, and very unselfish in all her demands on my time."

"Then you will come? You will remember that I am lonely, and you will help me in some business which is troubling me just now? Will you put on my cloak for me?" and Marcia pointed to a sable-lined brocade which was lying on a chair.

They advanced together to the door, and George took up the heavy cloak and put it round his cousin. As he did so from behind, his sleeve-link caught in the fastenings of the cloak just under the curve of throat and chin, and his cold hand touched her warm face as he struggled with the entanglement. Her face turned a shade paler than usual.

"How cold you are, George! Your hands are like ice!"

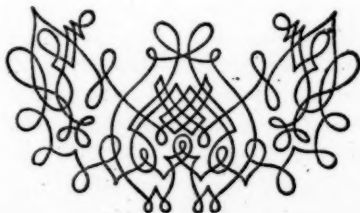
"Cold hands and a warm heart—in spite of myself, too," he murmured in her dainty ear, as he handed her into her carriage.

The footman shut the door and gave the order "Home."

As George passed the ante-room his eye fell on the spot where the struggle with her cloak-fastening had broken off a petal from the magnolia. He lifted it to his face, "the better to smell it," he would have said, even to himself, and then—he stuffed it into his waistcoat-pocket, all bruised and discoloured and fragrant as it was, all-powerful a reminder, as it must be, of days and hours which would have been better forgotten.

"Capacity for joy admits temptation." George would have told you, had you asked him, that he had no capacity for the one, and therefore did not fear the other. He would say this; he would even think it; his time for joy had never come. Possibly—such is life—it never would come, but his temptation was sure—as sure as death.

*(To be continued.)*





## Our Library List.

---

IRELAND UNDER COERCION, by W. H. HURLBERT (2 vols. 15s. *David Douglas*), is the record of visits paid during the spring of this year to the more distressful and disorderly districts in Ireland. The Author, a distinguished American journalist and staunch Catholic, occupies himself more with the social than the political side of the Irish difficulty, and comes to the conclusion that Mr. Parnell and his Parliamentary satellites are mere tools in the hands of the agrarian revolutionists headed by Mr. Davitt, and in America by Mr. Henry George. In this his conclusions resemble those of another foreign observer, Baron Mandat de Grancey. The Coercion to which his title alludes is not the rule of Mr. Balfour and the Queen's Government, but the tyranny of the League, "administered by secret tribunals" and sanctioned by "the base instinct of personal cowardice, and the instinct not less base of personal greed." More valuable, perhaps, than his conclusions is the mass of evidence which he has been at pains accurately to record concerning individual cases of alleged hardship, and the conduct of certain Nationalist priests who pose as the champions of an oppressed people. The book is one which cannot be too widely read.

TALES OF THE BIRDS. By W. WARDE FOWLER. (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Macmillan*.) Though man be pronounced in 'A Debate in an Orchard,' to be a "mean, mischievous, and malevolent animal,"—though he insulted the 'Jubilee Sparrow' by transforming his Bird-ship into a fictitious canary,—though he robbed 'The Falcon's Nest' and was responsible for the massacre at 'The Lighthouse,'—despite all this, right thankful ought the feathered creation to be for Mr. Fowler's volume, and the increased share of human sympathy it will certainly secure them during the coming winter. And still warmer gratitude is due from us who read in these brief, suggestive stories of bird-life, the results of constant observation and close study presented in a most attractive and realistic form. Among all our fellow-subjects of Dame Nature, birds are perhaps the most familiar to us and the least understood; every one wishes well to the birds, and after perusing Mr. Fowler's 'Tales' we shall be better able, if not more willing, to protect and help them with intelligence.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF EDMUND KEAN, by J. F. MOLLOY (2 vols. *Ward & Downey*), more than fulfils the promise of its title, being in fact a lively picture of theatrical life in the early part of the present century. The Kembles, Elliston, Macready, and other personages dear to lovers of the drama, figure largely in its pages. Mr. Molloy has evidently carefully studied his subject, and has woven his details into a picturesque and flowing narrative. Edmund Kean did not win popular favour till his twenty-eighth year (1814), when he thrilled the town by his impersonations at Drury Lane of Richard III. and Shylock. He had previously earned a scanty and precarious living in various provincial theatres, obtaining more applause as a harlequin than in the tragic parts which afterwards made him famous. The story of his early struggles is remarkably well told, and enlists the reader's sympathies more fully than the record of the brilliant series of his triumphs when the tide of his fortune had turned; for off the stage he makes but a pitiful hero, and prosperity emphasised the defects of his character. Coleridge's well-known saying about the biographies of actors receives ample illustration in these volumes, which will no doubt, and deservedly, become widely popular.

---

A JUBILEE JAUNT TO NORWAY (1 vol. *Griffith, Farran & Co.*) is by "Three Girls," who imagining there was "a demand for light reading on Norway," decided in their own minds to fill the gap. Whether in public estimation they have done so, we venture to doubt; if for "light reading" we substitute "fiction," the claim to have supplied an instalment may be justified, but only by sacrificing a considerable number of reputed facts. There really seems to be no excuse whatever for a volume of this kind, which is neither novel, nor witty, nor adventurous, and contains a sheaf of inaccuracies and misrepresentations upon the simplest matters: perhaps the grossest blunder of all occurs where Gothenburg is in blissful ignorance located in Norway, as a foundation for one of those dismal "good points," that we suppose are inevitable in a volume of "light reading." The "Three Girls" travelled by the usual route to the North Cape; then by rail from Trondhjem *viâ* Christiania to Stockholm, and by the Gotha Canal to Gothenburg: fortunately it is not every one who can spin out an uneventful diary into 200 pages of print.

---

THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT. By W. MINTO. (3 vols. *Macmillan*.) Should the reader fail to find this novel of surpassing interest, he will have the consolation that he has improved his mind by gaining a clearer idea of Wat Tyler's insurrection than he probably had before. Mr. Minto, finding that history has not concerned itself minutely with the affairs and characters of Richard's II.'s reign, dresses it here in the most attractive garb, and gives a lively picture of the rebels as well as of the Court. The hero is a young Lollard who

tries to open the eyes of the boyish King to the causes of the deeply rooted discontent of the peasants. He has an equally hard task in trying to overcome his love for a fascinating girl who has been married to an ogreish knight. Mediæval politics are therefore blended with softer feelings. The whole is written with great spirit; and if the characters somewhat resemble marionettes, the historical scenes are made very real, and the condition of the different classes of society is admirably described.

---

THE STORY OF CHARLES STRANGE, by MRS. HENRY WOOD (3 vols. *Bentley*), though not one of its author's best works, will doubtless prove acceptable to her numerous admirers. Charles Strange, a rising solicitor fully alive to his personal merits, chronicles the events of his own prosperous life and the more chequered fortunes of his half-brother and half-sister. The last-named becomes the wife of a "peer of the realm," who compromises his married happiness by secretly maintaining in a deserted wing of his country house a lunatic nephew and the lunatic's beautiful Italian aunt. The other principal characters include a reckless but not criminal youth, perhaps the best drawn figure in the book; a fashionable Major; a haughty peer's grand-daughter, who temporarily takes to drink, and several faithful retainers. The plot is not quite so closely woven as it probably would have been if its author had lived to put the finishing touches, and there are some inconsistencies of detail; but the story is pleasingly and unpretentiously told, and very well serves its purpose of whiling away a leisure hour.

---

BEAUTIFUL JIM. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. (2 vols. *White*.) An author, whose popularity is already attested by the existence of nearly a score of books great and small, arouses legitimate curiosity as to the nature of his credentials. Why do we read, and like when we read these "slangy" books? Let us, in answering, distinguish; we dislike the slang, but enjoy the unconventional portraiture, the smart, reckless, vivid style, the healthy tone too often dangerously obscured and overlaid. "I must use the slang of the day sometimes," says the Author, apologizing (not unnecessarily) for such a horrible barbarism as "Mash," "for what other word or combination of words expresses so fully and clearly" the same meaning. Here we detect a fallacy; let the Author remember that the British public, whose approbation, we presume, he desires, do not for the most part live in an atmosphere where slang is preferred to English or even understood; let him use his undoubted power of enlisting sympathies, and enlivening dulness, without affronting prejudices or offending good taste. So shall he leave the confines of Blankhampton and air his wings on a wider stage, exchanging the gossip and frippery of garrisons for the characteristic humours of a nation, the applause of a clique for the appreciation of the general reader!

---